RAILROAD

APRIL, 1971 MAGAZINE SIXTY CENTS

NEW INFORMATION ON STEAM IN MEXICO by B. Thomas Walsh

INTERESTING RAILFANS No.100: **FREEMAN HUBBARD**

One of a continuing series. **Remington Reports**

How do you take care of a Nylon 66 or 77?

You don't.

Remington engineers have developed two 22 rim fire automatic rifles that can take abuse and still deliver maximum dependability with minimum maintenance.

An ordinary 22 automatic rifle needs the care any piece of precision-built machinery deserves. It should be transported in some sort of protective case until you are actually ready to use it. (A lined, soft, leather or cloth case is adequate for the trunk of a car, but a hard plastic or metal foam-lined case is better when you ship it on a public carrier.) And it's wise to keep the mechanism scrupulously clean; to clean the gun carefully before you put it away, making sure not to over-oil it. You should clean and oil it after long periods of storage. And, of course, when you take it out in the field, you should try to protect it from the weather.

But there are some people who can't lavish all that attention on a 22. Trappers want a rifle that'll stand up no matter how foul the weather may be. Hunters want a camp gun that can rough it. Farmers want a gun they can forget about until a fox raids the chicken coop. And everyone wants an autoloader that won't malfunction.

That's why we've built a new kind of 22 automatic rifle: The Nylon 66 and 77. Rifles that can rattle around in the back of a truck or fall off a packhorse or just sit in a closet gathering dust for months—and still come up firing every time.

To build that kind of rifle, Remington engineers selected a new material for the gun's stock and fore-end—structural nylon. This special material was chosen for its toughness and is used to insure the stocks of the Nylon 66 and 77 against warping, cracking, chipping, fading or peeling for the life of the gun. (No other manufacturer makes this statement.)

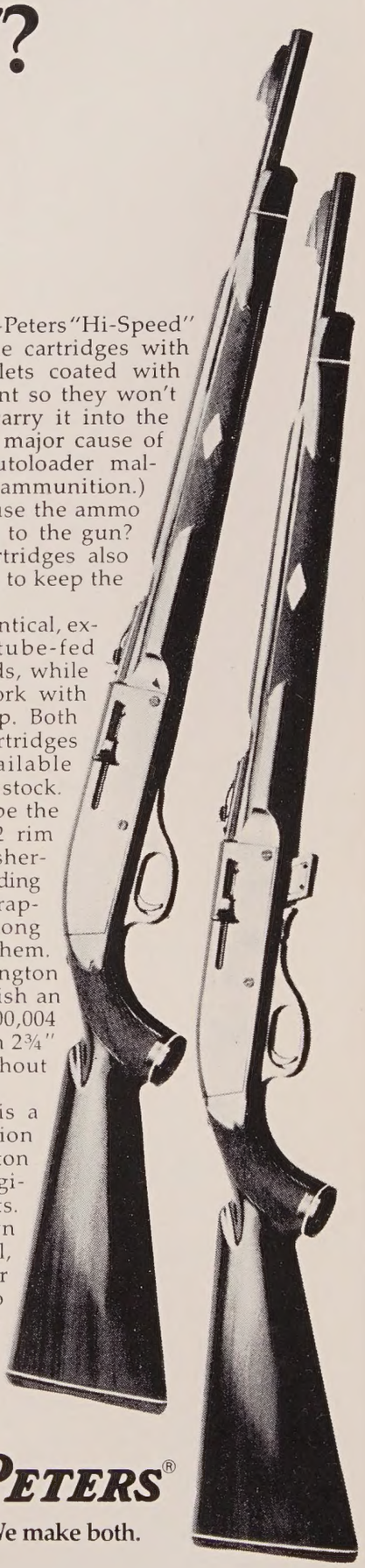
Structural nylon makes other benefits possible. Because the stock can't warp, it can't change your point of aim. In fact, these rifles use the same barrel-bedding principle used on the world's most expensive target rifles. And the action never needs lubrication, because the metal parts glide on "greaseless bearings" of nylon.

To add to their dependability, the 66 and 77 are electronically matched to Remington and Peters 22 Long Rifle cartridges. Remington-Peters "Hi-Speed" or "High Velocity" are the cartridges with the famous "golden" bullets coated with a special dry, hard lubricant so they won't pick up dirt or lint and carry it into the mechanism of the rifle, a major cause of malfunctioning. (Many autoloader malfunctions are caused by ammunition.) Doesn't it make sense to use the ammo that's specifically matched to the gun? And Remington-Peters cartridges also have "Kleanbore" priming to keep the barrel bright and clean.

The two rifles are identical, except that the Nylon 66 is tube-fed with a capacity of 14 rounds, while the Nylon 77 lets you work with either a 5 or 10-round clip. Both rifles take 22 long rifle cartridges only. The Nylon 66 is available with either a brown or black stock.

We believe these to be the most rugged automatic 22 rim fire rifles made. Alaskan fishermen use them to keep marauding sea lions out of their nets. Trappers in steaming bayous along the Gulf States also use them. Two Nylon 66's and Remington ammo were used to establish an accuracy record, hitting 100,004 out of 100,010 hand-thrown 2¾" square wooden blocks...without a single malfunction.

Remington Reports is a series based on information straight from the Remington experts who design and engineer all Remington products. If you'd like to build your own hunting and shooting manual, we'll send you a free binder to keep them in. You can also get a free copy of our new, 48-page color catalog by writing to: Remington Arms Company, Inc., Dept.110-R, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602.



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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

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FREEMAN HUBBARD Editor

MICHAEL A. EAGLESON Steam Locomotives

STEVE MAGUIRE Transit Topics

JAMES EDMONSTON Diesel Locomotives

ALBERT HERSKOVITS Associate Editor

SY REICH Technical Editor

BARBARA KREIMER Information Booth

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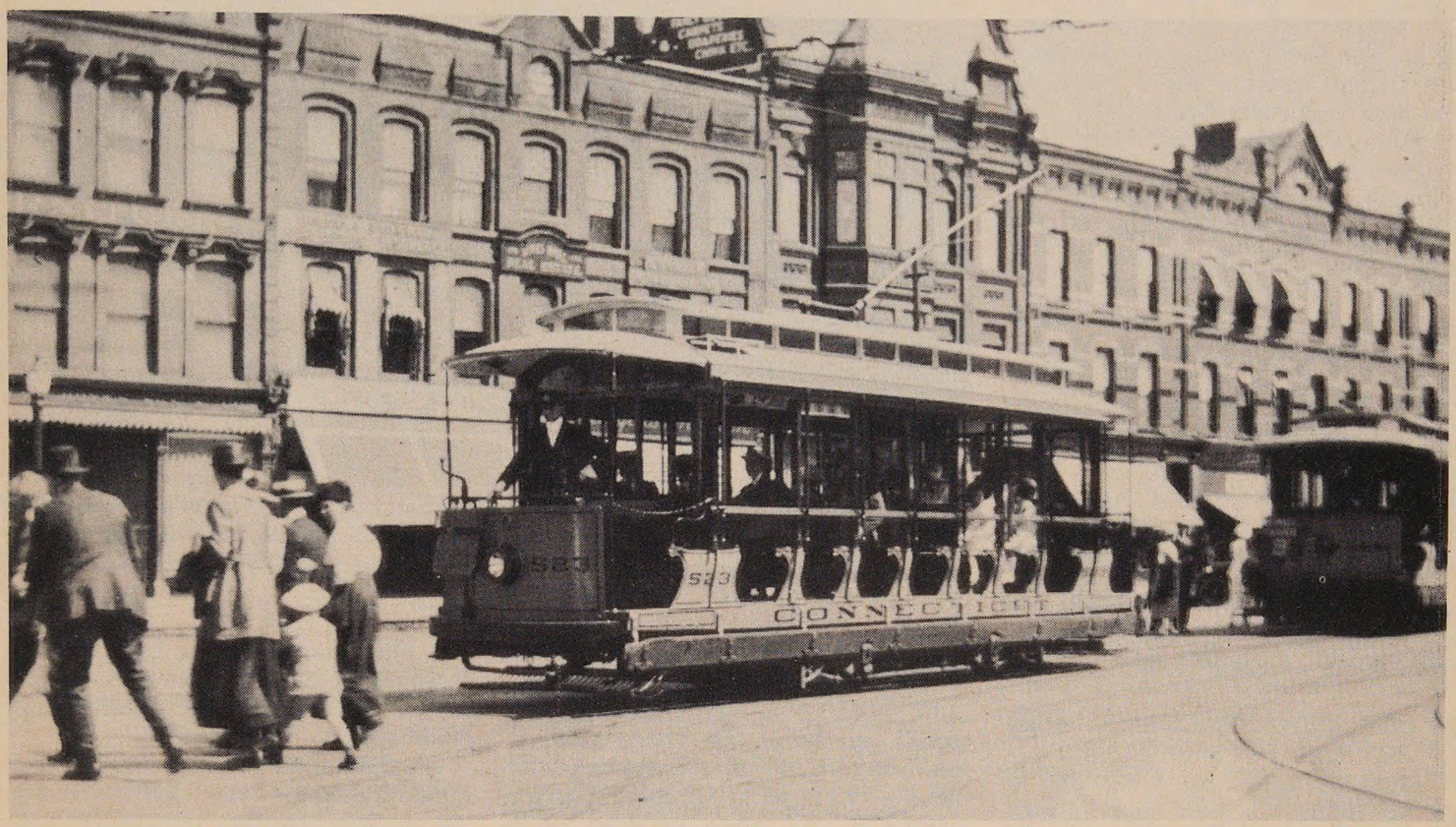

Summer of 1921, Stamford, Conn.,car at left is Connecticut Company 523, ex-Stamford Street Railroad 23.
Edward Wadhams, P.O. Box 2113, Darien, Conn. 06820

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE
The Bassinette Co., 270 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
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THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

Hey, miss, aren't you sitting too close to the rails? Seaboard Coast Line's *Silver Meteor* will raise quite a breeze when it passes you in the Florida countryside between Indiantown and Okeechobee two hours and 15 minutes after leaving Miami.
William T. Morgan, P.O. Box 6863, Ft. Myers, Fla. 33902

OUR front cover shows three new 2,000-hp diesel locomotives wheeling an eastbound Burlington Northern time freight across a placid woodland pind near Vancouver, Washington. This BN photo was made by Bob Harr, Hedrich-Blessing.

William Janssen, the assistant superintendent of the CSS&SB, supplies details about our Dec. '70 cover: It pictures a Rhaetian Railway metergage train on the Landwasser viaduct in the Canton of the Grissons (Graubinden) in southeastern Switzerland. The train could well be the *Glacier Express,* operated jointly by the Rhaetian (which is the largest private Swiss railway and all meter-gage, with some fairly heavy grades but no rack), the Furka-Oberalp, and the Brigue-Visp-Zermatt. Both of the latter have some rack operation. Landwasser viaduct is near Filisur, not too far from St. Moritz, where this train came from. ●

BERT PENNYPACKER'S article on "Santa Fe's Super Steam Power" (Feb.) delighted me. I was glad to see his tribute to those great 4-8-4's and 2-10-4's, with only a few minor errors. No. 3771 probably never ran through from Kansas City to Los Angeles on *The Chief.* Class 3765 engines were assigned west of LaJunta from 1938 to '45. Trains 19 and 20 continued to change engines at LaJunta, with either a 3400 rebuilt Pacific or a 3460 Hudson handling them eastward to Chicago.

In 1944-'45, when 2900's were available from the K.C.-Clovis freight pool they were used, still turning at LaJunta. From the end of World War II until dieselization in April '46, the 2900's linked K.C. with L.A. when they were no longer needed to haul freight out of Argentine.

3751-3765-3776 class 4-6-4's ran through from K.C. to L.A. on the *California Limited* via LaJunta and on *The Scout* and *Grand Canyon Limited* via Amarillo from 1942 until the war ended. The 3751-3765 class were then shifted to K.C.-Clovis freight runs, where they "rubbed elbows with" 2-10-4's west of Wellington, Kansas. The 3776 and 2900 classes continued to pull the *California Limited, Scout, Grand Canyon,* and extra sections of mail trains 7-8 until late 1948 and early '49. Then those trains were dropped or dieselized.

In 1950-'51 a revival occurred: a second section of the *Grand Canyon* was inaugurated and ran through with the 4-8-4's for about 18 months. Extra sections of 7-8, when operated, were handled by Northern types. Class 4765 locos didn't have 16-wheel tenders as was stated on page 23; they had 6-axle tanks of 20,000 gallons of water and 7,107 gallons of oil capacity. Raton's westbound grade is 3.5 percent, eastbound 3.3. Photo on page 26 showed taking water at Argentine (not Ottawa), Kansas.

2-10-4's often worked east of Waynoka, Okla., to Wellington, Kan., but rarely east of Wellington. Except for 3 or 4 locos assigned between Belen and LaJunta, all 2-10-4's were in Pecos Division assignments. After 1948, though, they worked on the Pecos only in peak business periods, making most of their mileage out of Clovis.—L. E. Stegner, 635 Michael Rd., Newton, Kan. 67144.

Pennypacker comments: "The limited confines of a feature of 4000 words do not allow space for detailed explanations of all Santa Fe locomotive usage. I could give only a few general examples."

Says Otto Kuhler, KZ Ranch, Pine, Colo. 80470: "Thanks for a fine display of my oil painting, 'Chief of the Stormy Desert,' done several years ago, at the opening of Pennypacker's article. The article itself is especially interesting because it combines motive power with the dramatic Southwestern landscape.

"A caption on page 29 stated, 'Stack hood is raised for better draft.' Actually, the purpose of this telescoping contraption was to keep smoke away from the engineer's window and give him better vision when rolling down long grades. I believe at least a dozen patents were issued on this device. I myself experimented with the problem when I was helping to design steam locos. With huge Santa Fe boilers, a view from the cab was very difficult." ●

BEGINNING railroad work in 1908, when I also started reading your magazine (as I still do), I put in 44 years as a helper machinist and at the time of retirement was a Northern Pacific car and roundhouse foreman. I enjoy your tales by oldtimers. Please, Mr. Hubbard, publish as many of them as you can, because modern readers know very little about conditions long ago.

"A Roundhouse Mystery" (Feb. '71) is well written and interesting, but I question one small statement made by the author, R. T. Roberts. Maybe it was a printer's error. On page 52 Roberts quoted boiler inspection rule 17 and then told about filling a locomotive boiler with *cold* water before applying pressure with a small pump.

Powered by Steamtown's engine No. 1246, Dixon Lines railfan excursion was operated on November 8, 1970, between Bellows Falls and Rutland, Vermont. The photographer writes, "This is the first time I have ever made a print from a film I developed." Ronald B. Smith, R.F.D. 1, New Fairfield, Conn. 06810.

If that had been done, putting strain on the boiler would have hastened the day when cracks and leaks would show up, provided worse didn't happen. I have subjected hundreds of locomotive boilers to hydrostatic tests, and every road I worked on issued the same instruction for such cases: use *warm* water, with a temperature of 160 to 180 degrees F. Boilers can be tested with cold water, but when you use it, the pressure should be in the ratio of 7 pounds of cold water to 8 pounds of working pressure. I never before heard of the ICC allowing cold water in a hydrostatic test. I have used a pump, as Roberts stated, but at the last place where I worked an inspirator delivered hot water and also built up the necessary pressure.—R. E. May 1414 Kossuth Ave., Everett, Wash. 98201. ●

PERSONALITIES. Horace Painter of Huntington, W. Va., railroaded for 71 years, including 65 years in Chesapeake & Ohio engine service, before retiring the other day at age 87. Who can beat that record?

Boston & Maine's new chief executive officer, John W. Barriger, was previously president of the Monon, the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and the Katy, besides being one of our *Interesting Railfans* (June '63). Bruce Davidson writes in the *Boston Globe*:

Barriger takes over a railway that is in deep trouble. The B&M has been involved in reorganization under the Bankruptcy Act since March 12, 1970, when four insurance companies finally blew the whistle on the company after it had skipped an interest payment on $14 million bonds. . . Barriger is a cherubic type in an industry that does not specialize in optimism or smiling faces. But the cherub is going to need more than charm to untangle the snarl headquartered in Boston at 150 Causeway Street. Fortunately, he has more than that to bring to bear on the problem.

Penn Central loco engineer Hensen Dunmyer of Buffalo, N.Y., bewails the loss of his pet boa constrictor, 8 feet long. He thinks it was stolen from his automobile. "That boa was precious to me," he says. "I raise snakes because I love them. They are not dirty, smelly, or dangerous and are easy to look after."

I was sorry to learn of Frank P. Donovan's death. In writing his obituary, Mr. Hubbard, your recalling his first assignment for *Railroad Magazine*, "1,000 Miles by Trolley," reminds me that I met Frank quite by accident on the tail end of this 1000 miles when he boarded Illinois Terminal train 91 at Mackinaw Junction. We had a pleasant visit while riding the front end of what was probably car 270. I told Frank that he could stretch this trolley trip further by riding out into St. Louis County on one of several St. Louis Public Service lines.—William Jansen, assistant superintendent, Chicago South Shore & South Bend Railroad, Roeske Ave., Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

The venerable Otto C. Perry is dead. Described by Mel Swansick of 6430 Xavier Court, Arvada, Colo. 80002, as "one of the most eccentric rail buffs of my generation," he died last December 23rd. Otto was a great railroad photographer. He was too publicity-shy to let us include him in our series of *Interesting Railfans*. Back in 1918, when the glamorous old Colorado Midland was about to fold up. Otto rode to Colorado Springs on a bicycle to film its last passenger trains. We don't know what happened to his marvelous photo collection.

Jervis Langdon, Jr., one of the men chosen to lead Penn Central out of bankruptcy, has been chosen by *Modern Railroads* magazine (5 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60603) as its 1970 Railroad Man of the Year. Runners-up were W. Graham Claytor, Jr., president of the Southern, and B. F. Biaggini, president of the Southern Pacific.

Every time my name and address appear in *Railroad,* whether in a photo credit or otherwise, I am bombarded with mail from kids to 80-year-old retired railroaders asking for all sorts of favors, photos, and information. Naturally, they don't want to buy or pay for anything they ask for. What really burns me is that 99 percent of them don't even enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. It is not unusual for fans to send me unsolicited samples of railroadiana that they wish to sell, insisting that it be returned if not wanted, yet failing to provide return postage! There must be a great many readers of *Railroad* who resent such discourtesy just as much as I do. —James C. Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 60101.

After reading your piece about me as *Interesting Railfan* No. 97 (Jan. '71), which told how I had started and managed the B&O Transportation Museum in Baltimore, Md., some fellows at San Diego, Calif., asked me how to set up a railroad museum with the few pieces of old equipment they own.—Lawrence W. Sagle, 1000 E. Joppa Rd., Towson, Md. 21204.

A recent *Switch List* ad of mine drew more than 50 replies from all over the U.S., Canada, and even England. Obviously *Railroad* is widely read.—Tom Siembieda, 10501 Yolanda, Northridge, Calif. 91324.

One day while working for the Denver & Rio Grande Western at Salida, Colo., in the summer of 1923 I got word that the world's two largest engines would stop there that evening. Most of the town turned out to see them. One was a passenger type with 16 tall drivers. The other, a freight hog, had 5 drivers to a cylinder, 20 wheels about 5½ feet high. Later both went to work on the Great Northern. I wish someone would tell me more about those engines or send you a picture of them for publication.—Ernest Ford, Box 822, Craig, Colo. 81625.

I enjoy railfanning as a hobby, but two things irritate me. One is that a small minority of railfans consider it their God-given right to steal builders' plates and other, often valuable, railroadiana. Sometimes they even come into our offices and try to swipe rare pictures from our files when we're not looking. Such fellows should be treated as thieves. My other pet peeve is people who *demand* free publicity in our magazine. These people will never send a thank you note when they get it, but if we misspell one letter in their name or make some other small mistake, we can expect a vituperative letter.—Albert Herskovits, associate editor, *Railroad Magazine.* ●

OUR Sept. '69 issue carried a note from Mrs. Verne E. Trask, 8 Culvert St., Lyons, N.Y. 14489, which said: "We have most issues of *Railroad* since 1964. My husband is very ill and each night I read aloud to him. He wants to hear only stories of steam railroading. At present, I am reading the steam articles over for the third time from the *Railroad* issues we now have, and would welcome additional steam reading material for him."

Now Mrs. Trask tells us: "Replies have come from a dozen states and Canada. People sent us early issues of *Railroad*, rail books, other literature, train pictures, and railroad records and tapes with train and engine sounds, stories, songs, and conversations. All sent interesting and enjoyable items. Some wrote very nice letters. The donors included locomotive engineers, conductors, and brakemen. Their kindness in bringing so much joy to Verne fiills us with gratitude. ●

SENATE Democratic leader Mike Mansfield and 29 other Senators charge that the Interstate Commerce Commission has "imperiled the future of rail transportation in the United States."

In a letter to the ICC, the Senators say the Commission has "ceased to be a regulatory agency" and has given the railroads "substantially everything they have asked for," including a 30 percent freight rate increase in little more than three years. The letter predicts "a transportation crisis of unprecedented magnitude within the next two years" as a result of ICC decisions.

Mansfield is leading a move to abolish the ICC and assign its functions to the Transportation Department. The letter notes that the Pennsy and New York Central merged with ICC approval and are now bankrupt and says the shortage of boxcars in the West now "appears to be a permanent liability." ●

HOW many readers ever saw a silk train? When I was firing for the Canadian Pacific out of Revelstoke, B.C., I caught a pusher job at Golden, B.C., assisting freight and passenger trains up through Kicking Horse Pass to Field. One night we hooked onto the head end of 7 or 8 express cars loaded with a million-dollar silk cargo from the Orient. Silk trains were well guarded. At every stop, no matter how brief, the guards would get out and patrol the train with submachine guns. Due to its high insurance coverage, silk had rights over everything, the general idea being to get it to destination, usually New York, as soon as possible. When we left Golden that night, the hogger opened his throttle wide and left it there. Our trip through the pass was the fastest and most hair-raising run I ever made.—Bert Lanning, 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada. (Our April '65 issue had a 12-page article entitled "The Fast Silk Trains," by Freeman Hubbard.) ●

NEWSWORTHY. An ancient three-wheeled velocipede is being used today by a Soo Line signal maintainer for his work in the Turtle Lake, Wis., district. Does any reader know of other three-wheelers now in service on common-carrier railroads?

A new lubricant for locomotive journal roller-bearings has been developed. Called Texaco locomotive RB grease, it lubricates large heavy roller-bearings and it combats the peeling of thin pieces of metal from them. Its lithium base has additives to resist oxidation, rust, and extreme pressure.

Louisville & Nashville is embarked upon a $45 million freight car and locomotive acquisiton. "The new motive power units and freight cars will further strengthen L&N's ability to handle anticipated traffic in the coal, grain, and paper industries, plus other commodities," says William H. Kendall, president. Included will be about 1800 freight cars and 70 diesel locos. That's fine, but what about new passenger equipment?

Planning to abandon their entire 70-mile railroad in North Dakota, Midland Continental officials received a bid for it. But when they checked on the bidder's financial position, they decided not to sell to him. He is John Freadhoff, Jr., of LaMoure, N.D., 12 years old.

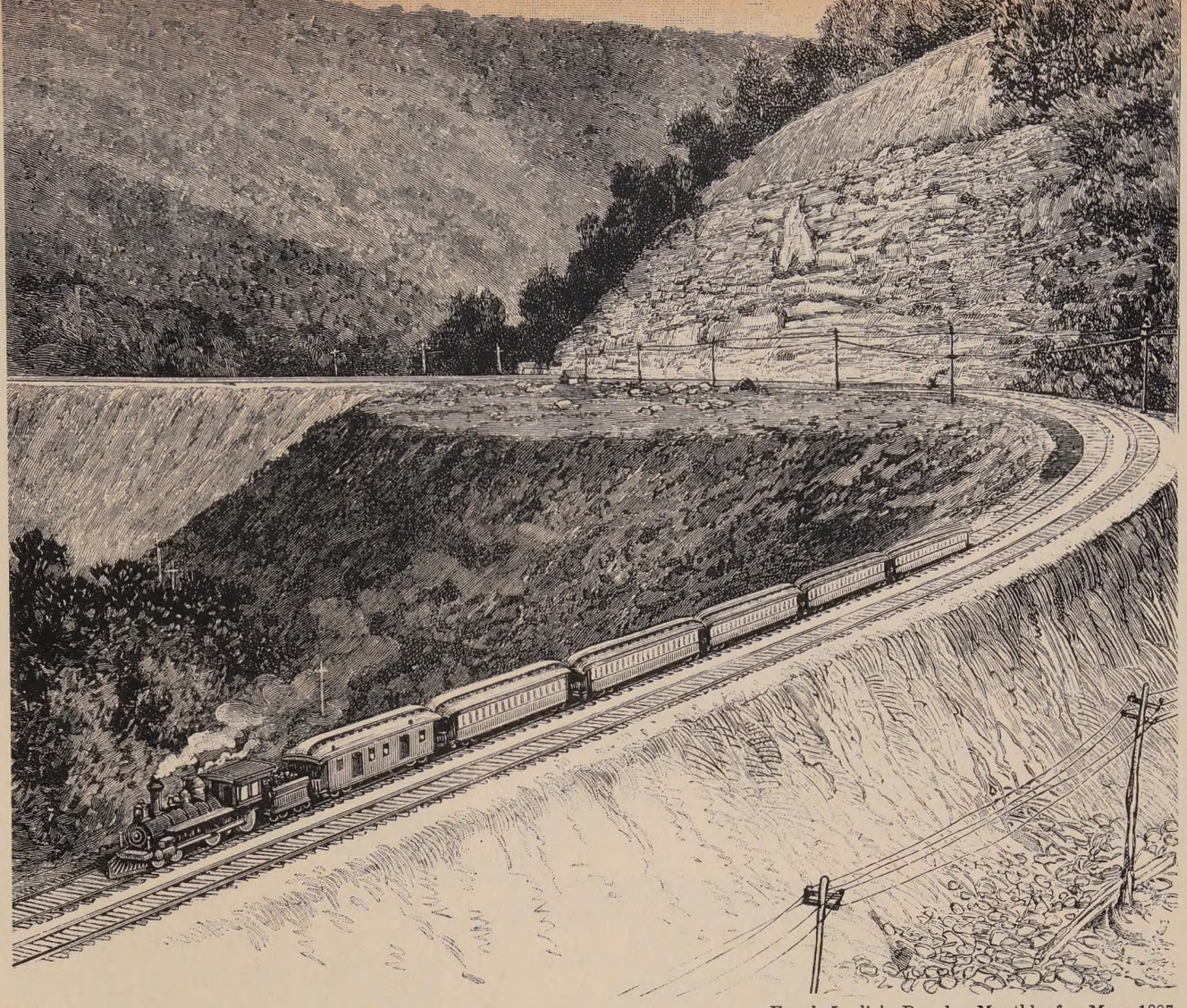
"It wouldn't happen again once in a million times." That's the way a Milwaukee Road spokesman described a recent accident that derailed just the tank car in the middle of a Milwaukee-to-Chicago freight train five miles west of downtown Kenosha, Wisconsin. All other cars stayed on the rails.

Loaded into freshly painted freight cars, a trainload of Quaker oats "King" breakfast cereal consisting of 2.4 million boxes acquired such a "putrid and noxious odor" from the paint fumes that the entire shipment was condemned by the Food & Drug Administration and ordered off the market. Maybe some reader can tell us which railroad was involved and how much damages it had to pay the shipper.

Vic Cox, who built the Great Slave Lake Railway and the Alberta Resources Railway, says Canadian National is ready, if it gets the call, to provide additional transportation in Canada's far north.

An item in our Feb. issue, page 10, listed some abandoned rights-of-way, including a few entire railroads and parts of other roads; but we failed to say "parts," thus giving a wrong idea. W. G. Moore, president and gen. mgr. of the Lehigh & Hudson River, writes: "I was a bit dismayed to read that our railroad has been 'abandoned'." It hasn't been.

Currently ranking number one in safety among America's class I railroads, the Santa Fe has come up with a new safety angle on the Illinois Division. Donald Bussell, trainmaster's clerk at Chillicothe, Ill., won a $50 U.S. Savings Bond for designing a "safety flag" for the division. Flagpoles installed at key points of Chillicothe, Fort Madison, and Marceline, Mo., display the flag. It flies high daily, except when there is a personal injury on the division and it drops to half staff for three days.

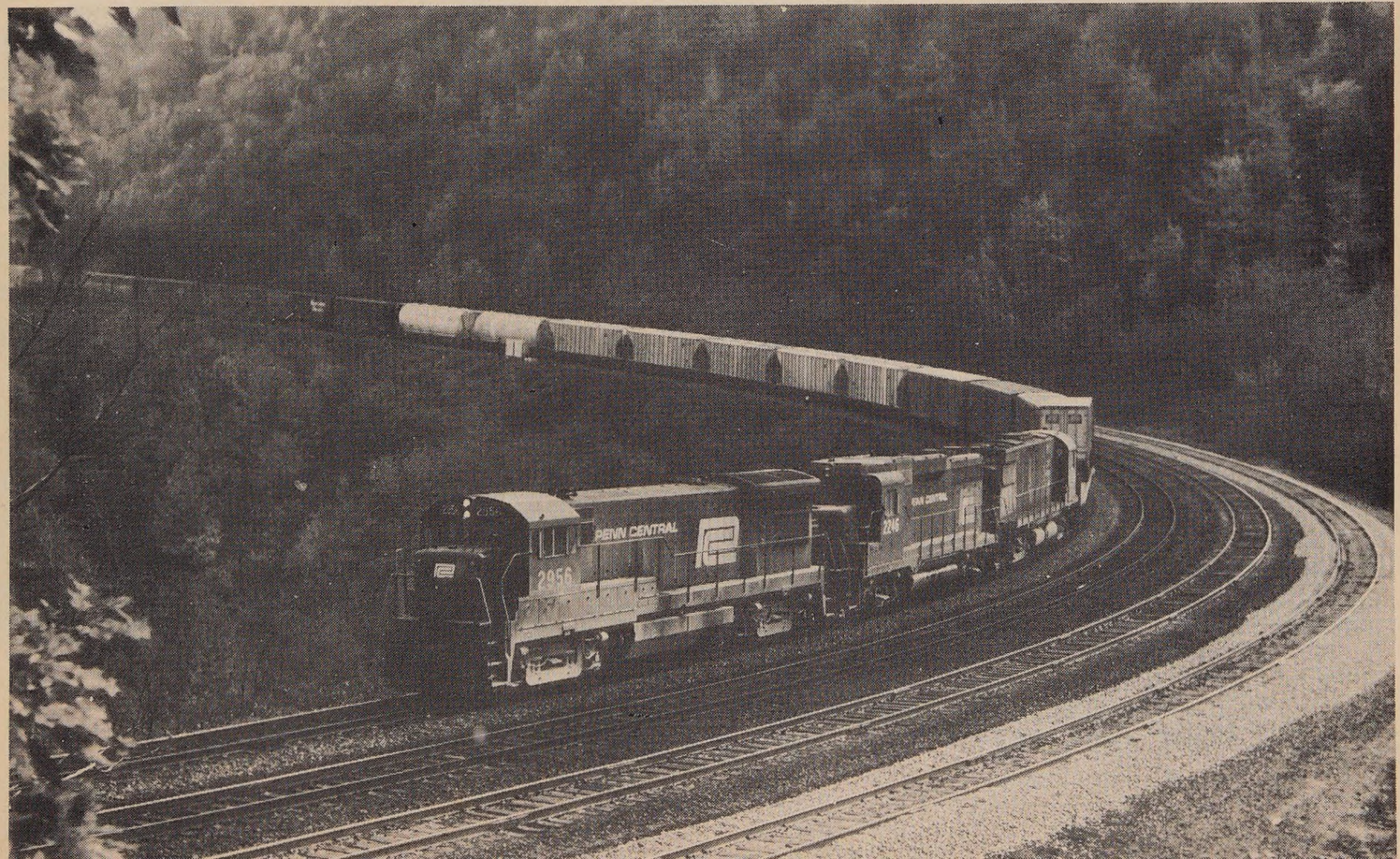


Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May, 1887

Horseshoe Curve in 1887 and Today

Edward Blackman, P.O. Box 89, Georgetown, Conn. 06829

Penn Central GE unit 2956 with GM GP-30 2246 and an Alco Century 425 wind downgrade with redball freight.



Will the day ever come when steam trains cease to exist except on amusement-park lines such as this one, the Santa Fe & Disneyland Railroad at Anaheim, California? The train circles a 65-acre park past Adventureland, Frontierland, Tomorrowland, and then through the Grand Canyon diorama for a view of mountain wild life before returning to Main Street depot.

An estimated 60,000 gallons of sulphuric acid were spilled into the Pickerel River from the derailment of 13 Canadian Pacific tank cars near Parry Sound, Ont., Canada. That river joins the French River system, a great fishing area, a few miles from the derailment, and flows into Georgian Bay about 10 miles further on. No estimate is available on the destruction of fish caused by this accident.

Alaska Railroad wants to buy the Western Pacific's share of *California Zephyr* coaches and diners to replace the old converted Army hospital cars now operating in Alaska. It is good to know that at least one American road is interested in improving passenger service.

No Soo Line passenger train has turned a wheel in Minnesota since March '67. The Soo is closing all but 3 of its 76 depots in that state; but instead of firing idle station agents it is putting them to work as salesmen. The Burlington Northern and Milwaukee Road have similar traveling agent programs. Some BN agents use mobile vans fitted with typewriters and desks.

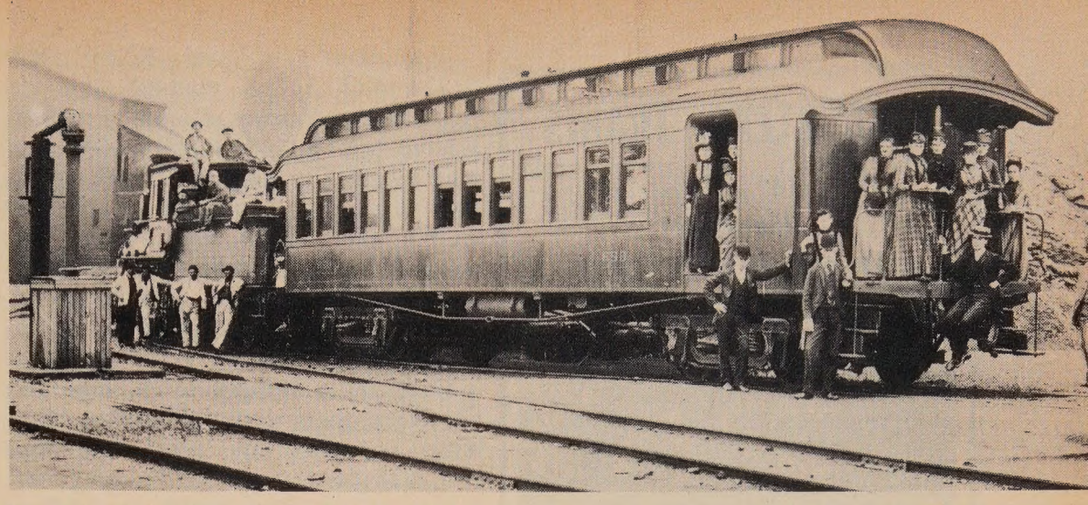
Railroad cars that are still ferried across Lake Michigan as they first were 78 years ago are now being tracked by computer. Green Bay & Western Railroad uses an IBM computer to keep tabs on more than 4,000 cars each month across its 250-mile line from Kewaunee, Wis., to Winona, Minn. A profitable 104-year-old road, GB&W is one of the nation's shortest trunk lines. ●

THOUGH it's 500 miles from the nearest sea, the city of Tulsa, Okla., is on the way to becoming an "ocean port," thanks to heavy federal spending, *The Wall Street Journal* reported recently. This strange situation, *The Journal* explained, arises from construction of "the world's most expensive waterway—which, at $1.2 billion, is costing more than the Panama Canal and St. Lawernce Seaway combined."

Known as the Arkansas-Verdigris Navigation System, the project was built under supervision of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. It reaches from the Mississippi River across Arkansas and then on to Tulsa. This costly waterway was put through over the opposition of both the railroads and truckers. But big manufacturing and oil companies, slated to benefit from low subsidized barge rates on the waterway, pushed the project. ●

CONGRESS did a great service to America by averting a railroad strike and granting the union members a raise during negotiations for a new contract.

President Nixon did not favor the raise. He just wanted power to keep the railroads from striking. In fact, he called the 13.5 percent increase inflationary because the work standards have not been changed and productivity it not increased. Not long ago President Nixon's own salary was doubled. Has he increased productivity since he received a 100 percent raise or is he also guilty of fanning the fires of inflation?—Allen Schlick, 3140 W. 84th St., Cleveland, Ohio. ●



Frankford Camera Club, Philadelphia, visits Pennsylvania coal fields in a Philadelphia & Reading car pulled by a Pennsylvania Railroad engine in about 1900.
Collection of the late John Gibb Smith, Jr.

ONE MAN'S OPINION. Mike Eagleson's mention of clean emissions from steam loco stacks recalls an incident that occurred when I was a baby living in steam days at Ferndale, Mich., along the Grand Trunk Western. Often mother would hang out my diapers to dry. "Clean-burning" steamers roaring by deposited soot and ashes on the white laundry. It was worse in winter because the air pollution freezing into diapers was espeically hard to remove. Today I am a diesel fan but like occasional steam runs.—Lloyd Wharff, 11356 Sherwood, Huntington Woods, Mich. 48070.

I have enjoyed *Railroad* for at least 20 years. Your photos are good, including the girl pictures; but I found that the somewhat larger type in your old woodpulp issues with a smaller page size was more readable.—Russell Karns, Box 2131, Redwood City, Calif. (Editor asks: Does anyone else find our present type hard to read?)

You once quoted Alfred Perlman as saying that the so-called merger of the Pennsy and New York Central was a "take-over" by PRR. If it is ever dissolved, I'm afraid the old New York Central won't have very much track left. Most of the lines being torn up seem to be NYC.—J. O. Howard, ex-fireman, 3670 Schirtzinger Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43220.

The Pennsy K2 pictured in your Feb. issue on pages 16 and 17 was numbered 9999. That number is still in existence but on a different engine, a GE 44-ton diesel, ex-PRR 9353, the last engine of this type on Penn Central.—Paul Kranowski, 121 Burnside Ave., Cranford, N.J. 07016.

I am against the use of women in train photos. They make the setting unreal.—Curtis Tillotson, Jr., 1207 College St., Oxford, N.C. 27565.

Keep up the girl pictures; try to get another one as good as Virgil Staff's shot of Diane Thomas (Jan. '71, page 18).—Bill Molony, 2045 W. Garfield Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

Please publish fewer pictures of diesels. To me, they all look alike and smell alike. Give us more pretty girls and beautiful steam engines. I enjoy *Railroad* very much and read it from cover to cover as soon as each issue arrives.—R. E. Anton, 700 E. Broadway, Sedalia, Mo. 65301.

Photo on page 3 of February *Railroad* shows FA-2 units, not PA's. Tell Jim Edmonston that Jersey Central's 2400-2412 FM Trainmasters are all gone, replaced by new GP-40-P's. As for rail-girl pix in your excellent magazine, I vote yes.—Louis Judice, 131 74th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209.

You asked about railroads using dogs. The Netherlands State Railways police introduced 12 men-and-dog combinations in 1950, for the first time. At present 26 such combinations are used here; there will probably be 40 before this year ends. Most of them work around the Rotterdam and Amsterdam harbors. Netherlands operates 2,050 miles of track in a country almost half the size of South Carolina. Other European rail systems that use dogs include the British, German, and French.—H. Kuiper, 145 Kikkenstein, Amsterdam-Bylmer, Netherlands.

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Write: **PHOTO DIVISION,**
BORDERTOWN PUBLISHING
3491 West 37th Ave.
Vancouver 13, B.C., Canada.

Yesterday I shipped DL&W cars 54721 and 54722, coupled together, from here to Parsons, Kansas. Presently I have NATX 26500 and 26501 coupled together in a string of tank cars in the yard. On one occasion I had ACFX cars 14519 and 14521, also coupled together.—John Bissell, agent-opr., Erie Lackawanna, Railroad Ave., Washington, N.J. 07882.

Love those rail-girl shots, legs and all. Keep them coming!—Brian Manning, 161 Fairview Ave., Coventry, N.Y. 02816.

Each Dec. 26th various stores around Buffalo, N.Y., advertise HO model locomotives, cars, and track for sale, with only vague references to passenger equipment, and each year the scarcest items are coaches and cabooses. Presumably these have been bought at pre-holiday prices, which may tell something about the wishes of the parents who buy rolling stock for the kids.—Bill Kessel, Hamburg, N.Y.

Ed Wojtas, editor of the *Rock Island Rocket,* an occasional contributor to *Railroad Magazine,* sent us a copy of this letter, dated July 5, 1903, from his company's files, written by C. H. Warren, first vice president, to C. A. Goodnow, general manager of the Rock Island's Chicago station: "I suggest that you arrange with the Parmalee Company to provide a man, at their expense, to keep the floor of the cab stand clean of horse droppings and minimize the odor in the first floor of the station building resulting therefrom."

Someone wrote (in Feb. issue) that certain pictures, including the one on page 18 of December, were "worth less." If that reader would stop looking at the girl and lift his eyes slightly he would see what a tangle of overhead wires is needed when a trolley-bus route crosses a streetcar line. It is even more interesting where two trackless trolley lines cross, especially if one swings onto the other.Then you really get a tangle of wires.—Jim Crimmins, Exeter, N.H. ●

I DIFFER with ICC examiner David H. Allard who said the Katy railroad for almost 30 years "did little if any maintenance" on 330 miles of track which it now seeks to abandon.

I was Katy roadmaster with headquarters at Woodward, Okla., for a short time from Dec. 1948 into part of 1949. The track then was well maintained for a branch line. It was straight and had a 50 mph speed limit. A passenger train ran over it.

This track did not begin to deteriorate until 1957, when section gangs were almost completely abolished and small extra gangs were employed, with a lot of miles to maintain. The railroad has gone down ever since.—R. E. Harbison, Denison, Texas. ●

THE "ROBBER BARONS" are back with a beautiful plan to bail out Penn Central. I suggest as a solution that Penn Central be liquidated at 10 cents on the dollar. Perhaps by doing this it would reveal the real owners whose holdings are in the Swiss banks and who stand to profit from any subsidy deal.—William Harmon, 3131 Rocky River Dr., Cleveland, Ohio. ●

OVERSEAS. A picture of a Peking factory issued by a news agency shows a poster calling for thousands of volunteers to work on the 1,100-mile Tanzania-Zambia (Tanzam) Railway that the Chinese are financing and building. This sentence is included: "Those workers who decide to settle in Africa after the said task is completed will receive good land and houses for themselves and their families."

Guerrillas, including young women toting machineguns, are attacking and robbing trains in Argentina. A band of 12 men and 3 women engaged in a shootout with railway policemen in suburban Buenos Aires recently. One railroad agent was killed and another critically wounded. Railroaders foiled the gang. The guerrillas fled under a hail of bullets. Witnesses said the females handled automatic weapons with cool precision.

Nearly 200 passengers jumped to safety the other day when the electric locomotive of a London-to-Birmingham express train on British Rail burst into flames while moving at about 90 mph. The engineer guided the train to a gentle stop, then leaped clear of the flames. No injuries were reported.

Anne Melville, 23, boarded a commuter train from London to Brighton, England, and sat in a first-class compartment because she couldn't find a second-class seat, but refused to pay the full first-class fare, equal to $2.88. The case went to court. Anne was sentenced to a week in prison. Before she had spent eight hours behind bars, an unidentified person bailed her out. Now the girl is angry because she wanted to serve her full term as a matter of principle rather than pay the money.

Japanese officials are considering building a 22-mile monorail system for Tokyo that would transport an estimated 420,000 passengers daily. Tokyo already has a successful monorail line connecting its airport with the center of the city.

Rail travel is being demoted in North America, but Australia is promoting it. For less than the equivalent of $100 you can ride 2,461 miles across the country in 65 hours. This is via a new train, called *Indian-Pacific* after the two oceans it links.

While Australians have been able since 1917 to traverse the continent by rail, the trip until recently meant five changes of trains because of different gages of tracks. Now there is through operation on only one gage.

A plan to run a special train on British Rail from Manchester to London with go-go dancers, non-stop pop music, and bars has been dropped. Only two persons bought tickets.

Swedish State Railways have ordered 100 thyristor-controlled locomotives from the ASEA electrical engineering company. All have 4,900 hp and are designed for top speed of 85 mph. A new feature on 20 of them will be electric toilets. (Jim Edmonston explains: "Thyristor control is a new and more sophisticated version of transistorized control. It's a solid state system, generally used with AC traction moters, much like those on Cleveland Rapid Airport cars. As for electric toilets, most new locos in North America are equipped with them. A small electric incinerator disposes of waste without just dumping it out on the ties. Ads for electric toilets in passenger cars also may be seen in *Railway Age*.") ●

I APPRECIATE your news items on foreign railroads, especially the one about China building 1,100 miles of line in East Africa. Would like to see more articles such as something that appeared in your magazine some time ago about my uncle, conductor Roy Johnson, on the Northern Pacific in the early 1880's when he was chief dispatcher at Livingston, Montana.

A notorious woman of those days, known as "Golden Nell," was an Indian fighter and buffalo hunter, with the morals of a drunken mule-driver. One day she boarded the train for Billings. She carried a Winchester rifle and two bottles of Canadian Scotch whiskey and was using four-letter words and taking God's name in vain in every sentence she uttered. My uncle said he wouldn't tolerate such foul language around lady passengers.

"Who the hell says I ain't no lady?" growled Golden Nell, with a leer.

The conductor said, "You just can't ride this train."

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Box 353, Clinton, Mo. 64735

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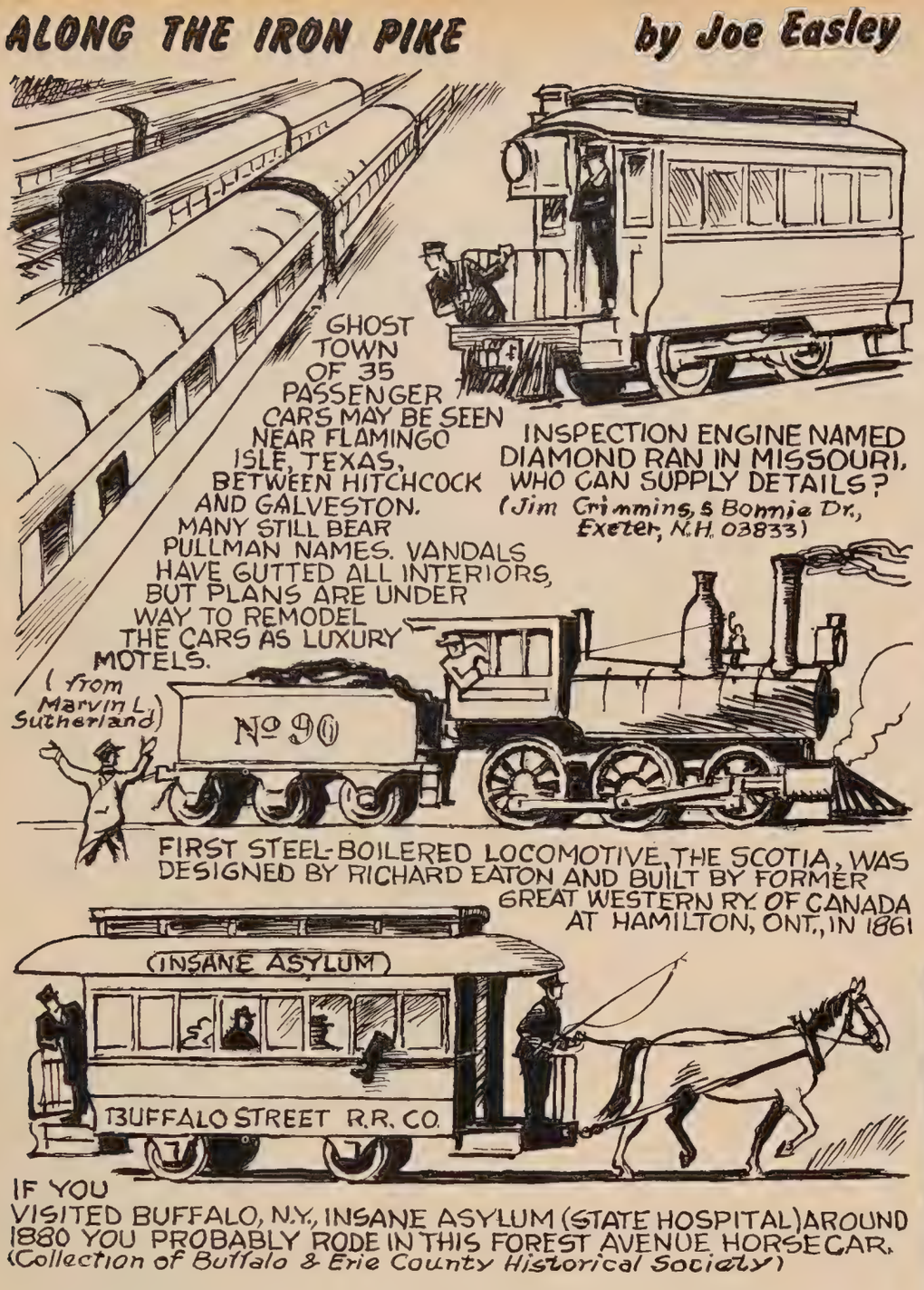
Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Since June, 1967, when this photo was taken at Felipe Pescadar, Mexico, steamer 907 has been retired.


ALONG THE IRON PIKE
by Joe Easley
GHOST TOWN OF 35 PASSENGER CARS MAY BE SEEN NEAR FLAMINGO ISLE, TEXAS, BETWEEN HITCHCOCK AND GALVESTON. MANY STILL BEAR PULLMAN NAMES. VANDALS HAVE GUTTED ALL INTERIORS, BUT PLANS ARE UNDER WAY TO REMODEL THE CARS AS LUXURY MOTELS.
(from Marvin L. Sutherland)
INSPECTION ENGINE NAMED DIAMOND RAN IN MISSOURI. WHO CAN SUPPLY DETAILS? (Jim Crimmins, 8 Bonnie Dr., Exeter, N.H. 03833)
No 90
FIRST STEEL-BOILERED LOCOMOTIVE, THE SCOTIA, WAS DESIGNED BY RICHARD EATON AND BUILT BY FORMER GREAT WESTERN RY. OF CANADA AT HAMILTON, ONT., IN 1861
(INSANE ASYLUM)
BUFFALO STREET R.R. CO.
IF YOU VISITED BUFFALO, N.Y., INSANE ASYLUM (STATE HOSPITAL) AROUND 1880 YOU PROBABLY RODE IN THIS FOREST AVENUE HORSECAR.
(Collection of Buffalo & Erie County Historical Society)

"Who in hell says I kain't ride your stinking son of a bitch of a train?"

Knowing he was in for trouble, Johnson pointed upstairs to the dispatcher's office, before the train started, and said: "Those people up there, the Northern Pacific officials."

Golden Nell tore upstairs and shot the telegraph sounders out of their boxes and the keys off the desks. My uncle crawled out the window onto the roof, while the people down on the platform were laughing loudly. What finally happened to Golden Nell I don't know.—George J. Gale, 2527 Buker St., Olympia, Wash. 98501. ●

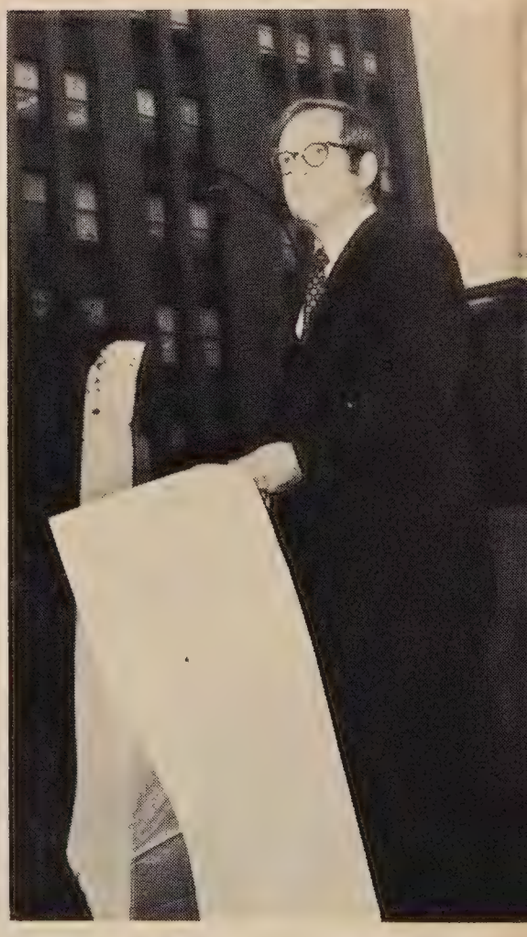
OLDTIME BOOMER. The hardest job I ever had as a fireman was on the CNO&TP, now part of the Southern Railway, between Danville, Ky. and Oakdale, Tenn. It was a division of 136 miles with 27 tunnels. Most engines had slide valves and it was up one hill and down the other side. I never worked on another road that ran freight trains as fast as hogheads did there. But they had to run to make it up the hill, as they pulled all the tonnage that was allowed.

After 20 days, I had all those tunnels and fast rides I could take. I moved on down to the Louisville & Nashville at Etowah, Tenn. This was in the winter of 1914. The L&N was not organized then, and would not hire anyone who belonged to a union. After I had been there about 15 days I forgot one morning and wore a vest with a BLF&E emblem on it. The master mechanic fired me on the spot.

On Christmas Day in 1927 I hired on the Erie at Hornell, N.Y. as a switchman. It was 10 below zero. A few days of this was enough. I went on to Port Jervis and went firing on the Erie. Later I headed south.

After I left the Florida East Coast at New Smyrna I hired on the Seaboard Air Line at Tampa, Fla., as a fireman. I also worked as a hostler on the Central of Georgia at Macon. When I left the Santa Fe at Amarillo I hired on the Katy as a switchman at Altus, Okla. Then I went to work on the Fort Worth & Denver at Fort Worth as a fireman. Cut off after 10 days' work. Hired on the Texas & Pacific as a switchman at Dallas. Only about 20 days' work there and was cut off. I have now reached the end and will probably move to California.—Homer R. Justice, retired, 12065 75th Ave., S., Seattle, Wash. 98178. ●

COUNT me among those who enjoy your girl pix. I worked for Union Pacific at the Bitter Creek, Wyo., coal chutes in the 1920's. The UP 4-12-2's, largest non-articulated locos ever built, came out then and hauled mile-long freights over the mountains at passenger-train speed. Stopping at coal chutes, they took on 15 to 20 tons at a time. I wish someone would send you photos of them to publish.—L.T. Hoagland, Starkville, Colo. 81074. ●



Norfolk & Western's president, John Fishwick, dramatizes the excessive length of certain company reports by holding one which stretches across street from N&W gen. office building.
Courtesy of N&W Magazine

The Mattingly & Moore Look-Alike Contest.

Do you know anyone who looks like Mattingly or Moore?

What would you give for anyone who looks like us, Moore?

One thousand Dollars, Mattingly!

FIRST PRIZE $1,000

SECOND PRIZE $500

THIRD PRIZE $250

FOURTH PRIZES 50 KODAK INSTAMATIC CAMERAS

If you do know anyone who looks like Mattingly or Moore, you could be a winner. Because the road to riches is as smooth and straightforward as Mattingly & Moore bourbon. And as easy. First, find the person who most resembles either genial, cherubic Mattingly (on the left), or shrewd, value-minded Moore (on the right). Take a snapshot of your favorite (either Mattingly or Moore) and fill out the simple entry blank below. Stuff both the snapshot and the completed entry blank into a self-licked envelope and send to the address printed on the entry blank.

Then sit back, have a sip or two of Mattingly & Moore bourbon, pat your dog, and think about the contest prizes. $1,000 if you're the winner. $500 if you're almost the winner. $250 if you come close. And as fourth prize, 50 Kodak Instamatic® cameras will be given to the next 50 people who come close, but not close enough for third prize —probably because of their cameras.

SOME TRICKY CONTEST RULES

1. You may need a magnifying glass to read these rules.
2. All entries become the property of Frankfort Distillers. And we reserve the right to use all winning entries as we see fit.
3. There is a limit to the number of entries you can submit. One entry is the limit.
4. This contest is only for U.S. citizens over 21.
5. If this contest is null and void in your state—you won't win anything. Nothing.
6. If you're employed by Frankfort Distillers, their affiliates, D. L. Blair Corp., or the advertising agency—you can't enter this contest. Unless you resign or are fired.
7. All entries are judged by the D. L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization, on the basis of originality and creativity.
8. Deadline. To qualify, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1st, 1971.
9. You don't have to buy Mattingly & Moore bourbon to enter this contest. Or to win. But it won't embarrass us if you do buy our bourbon.

SIMPLE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

(please print nice—don't use crayons)

name_____ age_____

address_____

city_____ state_____ zip code_____

I am sending one snapshot of either Mattingly or Moore, plus this completed entry blank to:

The Mattingly & Moore Look-Alike Contest
P. O. Box 823, Blair, Nebraska 68009

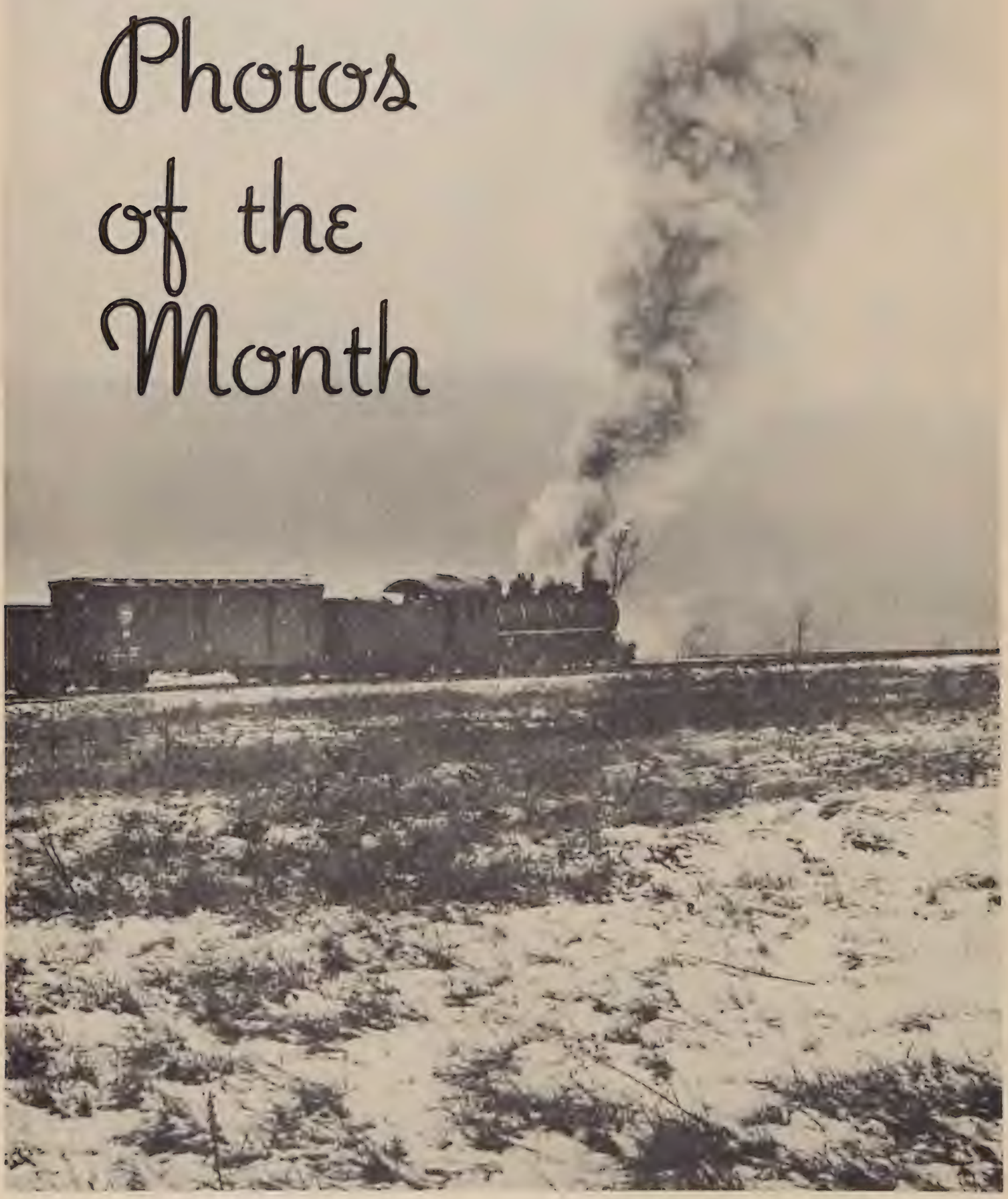
This renowned bourbon twosome should be greatly admired because they make the perfect bourbon. The Insiders' bourbon. I have read the Tricky Contest Rules. Twice.

Readers who are shocked at seeing girls' legs had better skip the unposed picture of a San Francisco cable car on page 15. ►

Harre W. Demoro, 3040 Jordan Rd., Oakland, Calif. 94602

"Winter Spectacular"

Photos of the Month



Field day on the East Broad Top in Feb. 1969: No. 12 (2-8-2) with mixed train on wye at picnic grove.

George A. Forero, Jr., Box 2314, Villanova, Pa. 19085

POWELL

Gone, Alas! Is the Old Pennsy Keystone That Once Boasted Prestige Like the Gonfalon of a Conquering Legion

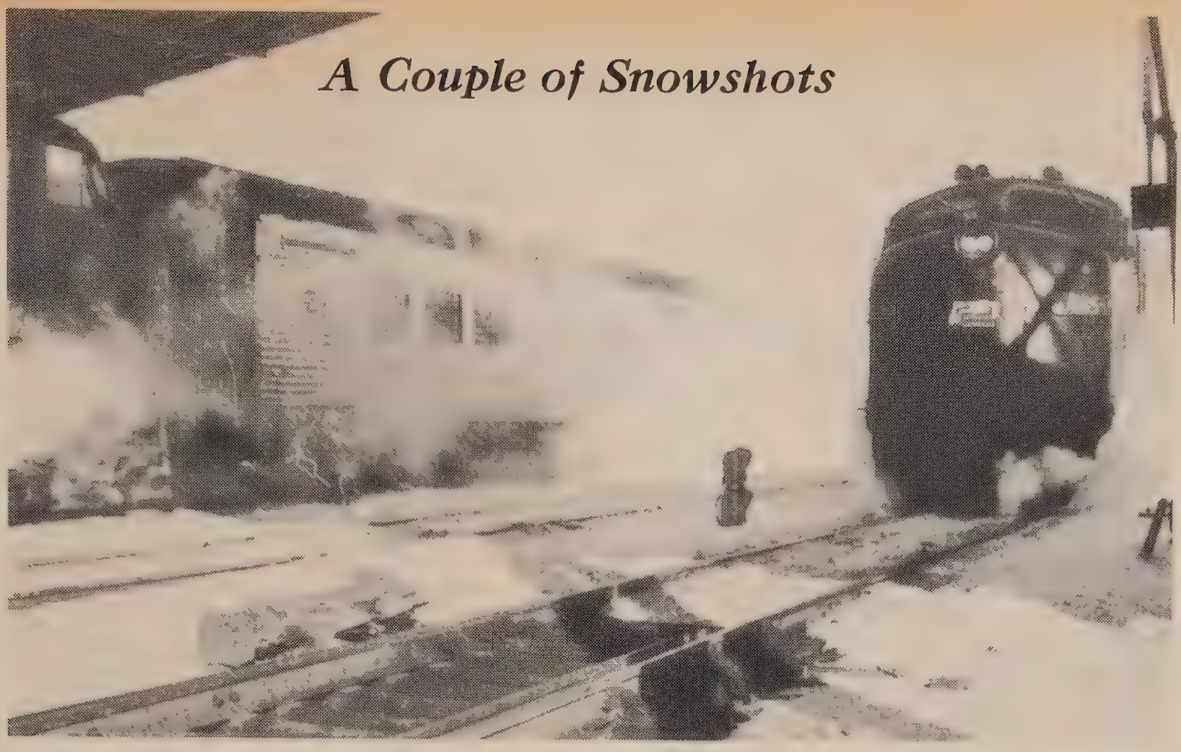
Eastbound Pennsylvania Railroad train 452, *The Fort Pitt*, running between Pittsburgh and Detroit, is stopping at Toledo, Ohio, on June 13, 1948.
Photograph by Elmer Treloar

5445

Who Can Tell Us When and Where This Happened?

This photograph from the archives of the old Erie Railroad (now Erie Lackawanna) shows a washout that may have been on the Chenanga River at Great Bend, N.Y., near Binghamton. Will an Erie fan supply the details?

A Couple of Snowshots



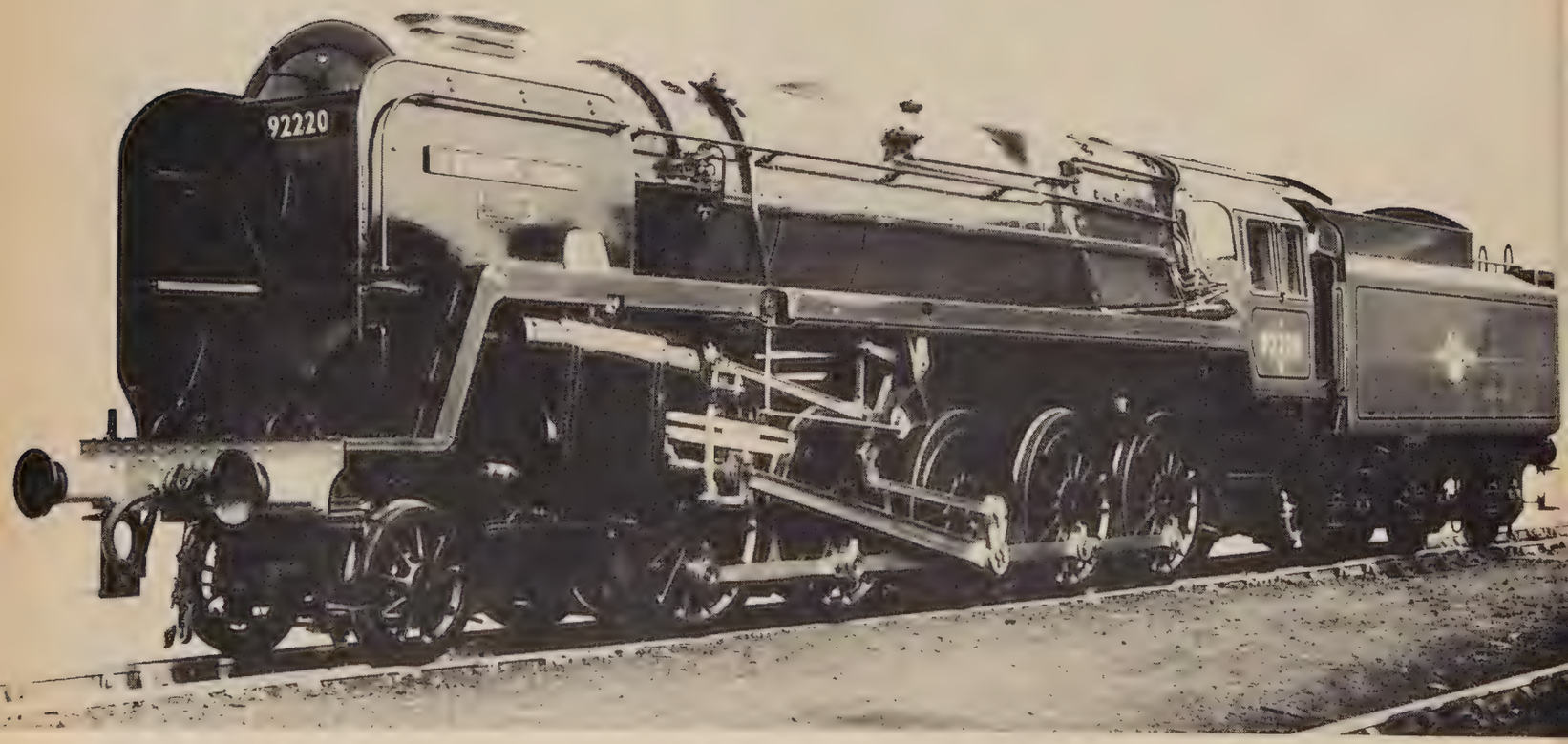
Eastbound Penn Central train 28, three diesel units and eleven cars, was nearly three hours late in pulling into Albany, N.Y., on the bitterly cold, snowy day of December 30th, 1970.

Rev. Walter F. Smith, P.O. Box 640, Acworth, N.H. 03601

Tom Kelcec, 20 Fairfield Drive, Convent Station, N.J.

Jan. 24, 1970: westbound Canadian National train 159, the *Maple Leaf*, is stopping at Stratford, Ontario.

Aug. 1964: Employes unload mail from a German Railways interzonal train destined for Czechoslovakia. Engine is a Pacific.
Peter Jensen, Box 259, Montclair, N.J.

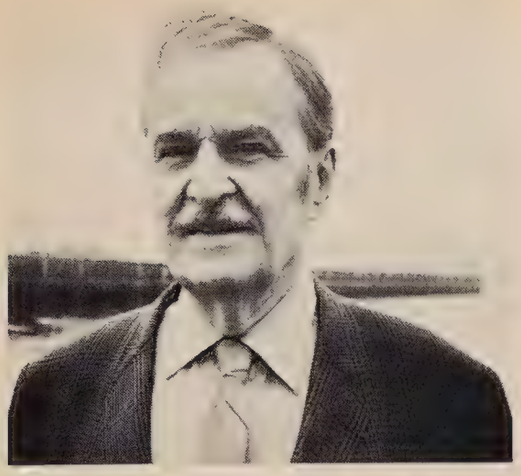


The last steam locomotive to be built by British Railways (1960), and the last to be built at Swindon, was 2-10-0 No. 92220, *Evening Star*. Prints of this, and several other famous British steamers, 24x20″, are available for $10 each, postpaid, by writing to J. R. Hodson, British Railways public relations officer, Paddington Station, London, England, W2 1HA.

Westbound French Railway freight steaming across old Chaumont Viaduct, Chaumont, France, makes symmetrical pattern.
Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park, Mich. 48203

Toby Bankett Pyle, courtesy of Illinois Central Magazine

Railroading in Vietnam is a nightmare, with bombs, mines, booby traps, and ambushes. Le Van Chuoi, an engineer on the Da Nang-Hue run, has been wounded twenty times in the past seventeen years; but Vietnam trains keep running.



Photograph by Roy Hubbard

Interesting Railfans Number 100

FREEMAN HUBBARD

A Personal Documentary

I CAN just imagine the field day that readers all over the country will have in picking to pieces this story of Railfan No. 100. It is sheer egotism. It is boring and a waste of good slick paper. Who does that guy Hubbard think he is, bragging about himself?

Judging from the mail I get, hundreds of railfans know more about magazine production than I do. Maybe thousands. Putting any one of them into the editorial chair instead of me would improve *Railroad* so much that you'd hardly recognize it. Articles would be better, pictures higher quality; and errors, typographical or otherwise, would vanish miraculously almost overnight. As a result, half a million people would suddenly hear about the face-lifted magazine and rush to the newsstands to buy it.

There is nothing wrong with *Railroad,* according to the critics, except its front covers, its text matter, and its pictures. All we need to increase sales is: (1) get a new editor, (2) eliminate all photos of girls, steam, diesels, and trolleys, but especially females, and: (3) start publishing scripts from contributors who really know how to write. The following letter, postmarked Los Angeles, was signed, had no address:

I have bought *Railroad Magazine* for the last time. No longer can I stand the inept drivel you print for the outrageous price of 60¢. Take the December (1970) issue, for example. The cover is fantastic. Really beautiful. But after that, forget it. Your photos have a lot to do with the subject your rag professes to be about, but at least the girls should be good-looking instead of pigs. "100 Years of M-K-T Railroading" was incomplete, inadequate, and filled with trash. Your "Interesting Railfans No. 96" was another joke. Freeman Hubbard, do you really call yourself a journalist? My 12-yead-old son can write better . . . Recently I was up at Cajon Pass with about ten other railfans. When we got to discussing magazines I mentioned *Railroad,* and we all laughed.

And here is a frank expression of opinion from a Bronx, N.Y., reader:

I protest against the way you are destroying what used to be a good magazine. It sickens me to see how you have changed. All you are interested in now is showing girls instead of railroad pictures. But thank God, there is still a true magazine left in our field. I refer to *Trains.* Unless you change your policy, I will switch over to *Trains.*

As an editor I am more concerned with people who run the railroads and ride the coaches than I am with computers, annual reports, freight containers, or wheel arrangements. As I see it, this magazine should have at least a modest cultural appeal. Over-specialization in any field is narrowing. It shuts you off from vital experiences that lie outside your specialty.

The real tragedy of life is what dies in man while he still lives. Too often the years dull a person's curiosity, fun, and sense of adventure. His mind becomes rigid; his days and nights cease to be exciting. Voltaire once remarked about the Bourbon kings of France, "They never learn anything and never forget anything." Long ago I determined not to ever let that be said of me. Besides adapting to the changing world, I am wide open to new ideas. Try me some time.

Getting back to the magazine, I can't see transportation apart from life itself. My aim as editor is to correlate railroading with other subjects such as human beings (yes, including girls!), creative photography, good writing, sound recording, station architecture, boomer lore, scenery, wayside structures, even animals, postage stamps, the circus, and so on.

Railroad articles should combine technical information with a rich background of human values, well anecdoted. I like the kind of writing which appeals to all five senses. Bells clanging. The raucous blare of diesel air-horns. Wailing steam whistles. Smells of oil, grease, and coal-smoke. Wildflowers and swampy pools along the right-of-way. The delicious aroma and taste of food served in the dining car or the oldtime hash-house. Things you touch and feel as well as those you see and hear. But the routine facts of corporate history or operation leave me cold, unless they are dramatized.

Your editor was born at the end of a Philadelphia streetcar line on a long-gone April morning. Many streets were red-bricked or unpaved in those days. Painted wooden Indians in front of cigar stores gazed stolidly at passers-by. Britain's crown colonies and dominions were splashed arrogantly in pink all over world maps. Automobiles were still somewhat of a novelty. Practically everybody rode passenger trains and trolleys.

My parents had too many children. I was the second of nine, all born at home. For that reason and because my father was an underpaid freight clerk on the Pennsylvania Railroad—the clerks were not organized then—I was raised in genteel poverty. I remember going to school in clean but patched clothes and wearing socks with holes that my mother darned with love and patience. Sometimes I walked five miles home from a downtown high school because I liked exercise but mainly because it saved a nickel. Every nickel counted.

I was small, skinny, nervous, and painfully shy. Can I ever forget how utterly self-conscious I felt that first day I went into the high school gym as a freshman and had to undress in public, step naked onto the scales, and weighed only 89 pounds? I grew up fast, though; made the varsity track team, and joined a church football squad so tough that we played one game in a snowstorm and another game ended in a free-for-all fight.

I am now a six-footer, weighing 182 pounds. Last November, at my wife's suggestion, I started to grow a mustache.

If I had never known hardship as a child nor eventually grown out of it I might have missed a lot of zestful living. My bringing-up gave me compas-

Long ago, *Railroad Man's* (this monthly's original name) ran an engine photo contest for its readers. In those days Frank A. Munsey Co. published the magazine, in downtown Manhattan. I had no mustache then. My secretary was Viola Karich, an Austrian-born blonde. She and I are shown examining some of the contest entries. I wonder where Viola is today?

sion for deprived people as well as for animals, both wild and domestic. I have patted thousands of strange dogs, all breeds and sizes, and not one of them ever snapped at me! They must have sensed that I love them. But my favorite beasts are elephants, and the birds I admire most are seagulls.

One big advantage I had over my schoolmates: Dad worked for "The Standard Railroad of the World"—that was the Pennsy's proud boast—and I traveled many thousands of miles on his passes throughout the United States and even into Canada and Mexico. On long trips I would doze all night in day coaches, waking up in the morning wondrously refreshed. I have never enjoyed a meal in any fine restaurant more than I did the stale sandwiches I brought from home in a cardboard shoebox and ate on the train day after day as the constantly changing scenery drifted by. The fire in my brain gilded those journeys with imaginative splendor.

Today, the hardest part of my work on *Railroad* is having to reject a great deal of material, both manuscripts and photos, that I cannot possibly find space to publish or that I regard as unsuitable for our use. As a free-lance writer myself, I know how it feels to get rejections. No matter how busy I am, I never fail to answer article-queries, yes or no, the same day I get them; and when I mail back unusable scripts I try to let the author down easily, particularly if he is an aged railroad man.

Unlike most editors of national magazines, I have no secretary, but need one urgently. A heavy backlog of unanswered mail, some of it months old, is always accumulated on my desk or hidden in drawers, no matter how often or how long I work overtime. It haunts me. Also, I have on hand hundreds of photos, jumbled together in big cartons, that should have been filed years ago. Why? Because I have no secretary. One time when I availed myself of the services of two young railfans to file photographs, the result was disastrous. Many of our best photos mysteriously disappeared!

Only two people work in the *Railroad* office: my associate editor, Al Herskovits, and myself. We cannot find time to keep up with all the least urgent mail or filing and still meet the unrelenting production schedule of *Railroad Magazine* itself. Nor can I grab enough leisure to plan ahead the way a magazine should be planned. I cut corners, improvise, and take chances. For years I have relied on proofreading help from

Typical Railroad Avenue in the Old South: frontispiece in first edition of my first book, *Railroad Avenue.*

two unpaid volunteers, Bill Kessel of Hamburg, N.Y., and Jim Crimmins of Exeter, N.H., both well-informed rail buffs. Every month I send them our galley proofs and their expertise goes a long way toward keeping *Railroad* accurate. Other volunteer proofreaders, who help us occasionally, are Roger Arcara and Elliott Kahn.

Maybe someday I will get a secretary. Meanwhile, now and then I pretend to have one by signing the initials "FH:nc" at the bottom of letters that I typewrite to important people. But enough of that. Elmer Treloar, a photographer, told me the other day: "I'd rather hear you brag about how you overcame problems than how they got you down."

But Elmer, they *don't* get me down. Together with criticism from readers, they have given me a hide like a rhinoceros. I am no longer the shy sensitive schoolboy who used to believe in the philosophy of popular songs and the truth of official statements. My favorite sentence in the Bible is, "None of these things move me." I find it very helpful.

As stated before, I try to be tactful with authors. Sometimes I slip up. One day, while I was exceptionally busy, I dashed off a note to an old retired motive power official rejecting a script of his because, as I told him, it was written amateurishly. I shouldn't have said that. It was too blunt.

The man was furious. He wrote a series of "poison pen" letters to my publisher, Henry Steeger, denouncing me as an ignoramus who was wrecking the magazine and antagonizing railroaders. He must have stayed up nights picking out mistakes in *Railroad* and listing them, one by one. (That was in the hectic days before we had the volunteer services of Crimmins and Kessel.) He really tried hard to get me fired. But Steeger is too experienced a publisher to be swayed by crank letters; and so in time my poison pen pal subsided.

One day a railfan sent me a color transparency for use on our front cover. It was superb. I thanked him and rushed it to the engraver. Later, I mailed him a copy of the finished proof, thinking it would make him proud and glad, especially in view of the fact that he'd never before made a magazine cover. I also sent him an advance proof of the *Mail Car* item I had written about him and his color-shot. But guess what? In replying to me, the fan devoted his entire letter to a tiny error he had found in the publicity item. Not a word about the engraver's proof!

And now a little more about myself. Begotten into a railroad family, I naturally became a railfan. Rail lore was drilled into me by my father and other railroaders, including an uncle who was executive secretary to a Pennsy president. I would hang around yards, water towers, and depots, notably Broad Street Station (razed long ago) in which my father worked for 43 years. I rode in engine cabs, a maintenance-of-way car, cabooses, and even the first section of a Barnum & Bailey Circus train. Also, I devoured railroad books and even the old *Railroad Man's Magazine,* which in its early years always had a red cover, little dreaming that one day I'd be its editor. Among the reasons why I am so fond of reading and writing is that Dad's father had a large book-publishing business.

Upon graduation from Philadelphia Central High I received a B.A. degree. It was America's only high school, I

think, that ever gave college degrees. Also, I won a scholarship to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, intending to become an illustrator, but quit before completing the course because I had to start earning money for the family.

My first full-time job was a Pennsy station helper at North Philadelphia. The pay was so low that I soon resigned. Joining the International Typographical Union, I became a journeyman proofreader in a book plant at York, Pa. The first book I ever proofread was a scientific treatise on women's breasts. Then I hired out as a reporter on the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* the state's largest newspaper, and eventually moved on from there to a *New York Post* copy-desk job.

Now for a flashback. A streetcar romance led indirectly to my first marriage. I fell in love with a tall, brilliant girl whom I had met on a Philadelphia trolley operated for high school students. Her name was Marie. We planned to wed; but late one night the girl's brother shot and killed her at home in mistake for a prowler, using a gun issued for military training.

The bottom fell out of my world. But not for long. I courted and wed Marie's best friend, winsome Rachel Buckner. The three children born from that union—Roy, Jane, and Eleanor—are now grown up, with families of their own. All were born at home.

Being a circus fan (years later a historian of the big top), I took Rachel to a Barnum & Bailey show the night before Roy was born, and we both enjoyed it. A few hours afterward the baby arrived normally. We had a doctor, of course, but the nurse did not come in time; so I assisted at the parturition. Seeing life begin was the most awesome moment I have ever known.

My present wife is half Pawnee Indian, and here, in brief, is her story:

In the early 1900's Charles Critchett was employed by the U.S. Indian Bureau to operate a railroad commissary car which took food and supplies to Indian reservations in the West. I wish I had a picture of that car. It was coupled behind freight and passenger trains on many railroads. On one reservation Charlie met and wed a slim Pawnee Indian girl. Their daughter, Antelope, also named Naomi, was born in Colorado at the foot of Pike's Peak. As a child, she liked to ride in the commissary car.

Later, she came East on an art scholarship (and is now a teacher of arts and

The painting just behind me, as I looked in 1945, is entitled "Late for Christmas." It was used on the Dec. 1931 cover of *Railroad Man's Magazine* and now hangs in my home.

I took this photograph in Philadelphia on the last day of operation of the trolley system in lovely Fairmount Park, which is said to be the world's largest city park.

crafts for underprivileged children). I married her September 19, 1946, the first anniversay of the publication date of my first book, *Railroad Avenue*. Our life together is harmonious. Naomi helps me with research and critical suggestions for the books and magazine articles I write.

And here I backtrack again. While editing newspaper copy and batting out headlines for the *New York Post*, I decided to switch to magazine work. My plan was to query each of the nontechnical magazines published in New York, one at a time in alphabetical order, until I found an opening. I got no further than *Argosy*. It was then a woodpulp, America's oldest all-fiction weekly, published by the Frank A. Munsey Company. After working a spell for *Argosy*, I was transferred to another job. The once-famous *Munsey's Magazine* was about to fold up and its editor didn't want to officiate at the funeral, so I was given the dubious accolade.

Around that time "Boomer Bill" Hayes appeared. Bill had been a locomotive fireman and telegrapher on several roads. He knew that *Railroad Man's Magazine* had been established in 1906 by a former lightning slinger, Frank A. Munsey, and had been merged into *Argosy* (i.e., suspended) in 1919. Why it was discontinued, I never knew. Its circulation had peaked 167,000. Anyhow, Bill Hayes persuaded the Munsey Company to revive *Railroad Man's* with himself as editor.

The first issue he put out was December, 1929. I was just a young squirt then. The following June his assistant, named Davis, resigned. Due to my railroad background, I inherited the job. A few months afterward, Bill himself left to become public relations director for the Rock Island Railroad in Chicago, whereupon I took over the throt-

Last train into Woodstock, Vt., on April 15, 1933, when the 14-mile Woodstock Railroad was abandoned. After riding in the cab with engineer Harry H. Paine, I shot this picture. It marks the end of the quaint old American custom of naming a locomotive for her engineer and painting that name on her cab.

Photograph from the book *Railroad Avenue*

tle of the resurrected *Railroad Man's*.

But the Depression had already set in. For some time the Munsey management refused to accord me the title of editor because they didn't want to pay me an editor's salary. In their official "Statement of Ownership," which every national magazine is required by law to print once a year, they listed *Railroad Man's* as "Editor, none." Plenty of readers kidded me about that.

The early 1930's hit the Munsey Company hard. Editorial budgets were cut to the bone. Employes needing pencils had to show worn-down stubs before they could get new ones. One day I requisitioned a supply of paper clips. The Munsey cashier said, "Hold out your hand." I did so and she placed a tiny pile of clips in my palm! At that moment I felt like resigning, but I didn't. I had acquired an affection for the future *Railroad Magazine*. Besides, I had no desire to sell apples on street corners, as many formerly successful business and professional men were doing then.

For nearly all of its long history, *Railroad* was a woodpulp. For a short time it was called *Railroad Stories*. Having very little money to spend on authors during the Munsey regime, I wrote hundreds of articles for it myself, some under my own name, many unsigned, and still others by-lined N. A. Critchett, Earle Davis, H. R. Edwards, E. J. Baker, etc.

In April, 1931, I launched what I called the International Engine Picture Club, a section in the magazine that printed free want ads for hobbyists. This department has been carried on without interruption ever since and is now called *The Switch List*. Forty years ago, readers who had thought they were alone in their desire to photograph engines and trains and collect railroadiana eagerly began getting in touch with other fellows having similar interests, who were listed in the magazine.

That, I think, was *Railroad's* greatest contribution to the hobby. It started the ball rolling and led ultimately to the founding of many railfan organizations, large and small, throughout the United States and Canada. Prior to 1931 there had been no such thing as a railfan club in North America—except that a few residents of Boston and vicinity had banded together in 1921 as the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society under the leadership of Charles E. Fisher. The R&LHS, with *Railroad Magazine* support, has since become a strong society with 2400 members, widely scattered. That and the Authors Guild (Authors League of America) and the National Railway Historical Society are the only three organizations I belong to at the present time.

In 1941, the Frank A. Munsey Company quietly folded up and was bought, lock, stock, and barrel, by Henry Steeger's Popular Publications, Inc., the world's largest publisher of action and love woodpulps. Included in the sale were *Railroad, Argosy,* and several other titles.

Under the new management, my associate editor, Henry B. Comstock, replaced me as editor of *Railroad* and I was given the title of research editor.

W. E. Hayes ("Boomer Bill") revived the old *Railroad Man's Magazine* in 1929. Photo was made on a day when he was firing PRR's *Broadway Limited*.

This change pleased me very much. It took a heavy load of work details from my shoulders, permitting me to knock off at 5 p.m. each day—which previously I had rarely been able to do. As a result, I felt fresh enough upon getting home at night to undertake considerable free-lance writing of books and magazine features.

Before long my *Railroad Avenue* blossomed out in bookshops all over the country. One exclusive store on Madison Avenue, New York, devoted an entire front window to it. *Railroad Avenue* was reviewed so favorably in newspapers and magazines and sold so well that in mid-1946 I left Popular Publications and used my full time on a wide variety of free-lancing—some railroad subjects, such as two features for *Trains* magazine. I bought a rambling 14-room house that dated back almost to Colonial times in upstate New York, named it *Bobcat Lodge,* and began accepting summer boarders. While my wife took care of the paying guests, I concentrated on writing.

In addition to non-railroad books, I turned out *Great Trains of All Time, The Roundhouse Cat, The Train That Never Came Back,* and a paperback for children entitled *The Phantom Brakeman.* Later I produced *The Railroad Caboose,* in which the late Bill Knapke collaborated. I purposely gave him the top billing because he was a boomer trainman. All of my books except *The Phantom Brakeman* are hard cover. I also assisted Stewart Holbrook in writing a best-seller, *The Story of American Railroads;* I reviewed railroad books for *The New York Times,* and contributed to big-circulation magazines as well as lesser markets.

Meanwhile, Hank Comstock had resigned from *Railroad.* His successor, the late Ken Campbell, didn't last long. I was recalled to the top editorship in 1953 and have been there ever since. But I never understood why Hank had been given four full-time assistants and office space for them, although when I went back to the same job that number was cut to two, later to one; and finally, when the magazine was passing through its darkest days as a bimonthly and was threatened with extinction, I had nobody at all to work with me in the office.

To keep *Railroad* going at that time I toiled all day and occasionally late at night also. On two occasions I worked from 9 a.m. till midnight to meet production schedules. In addition, I often took editorial work home over the week-ends. But finally conditions got better, the magazine returned to monthly status and I was permitted to hire Art Knowles as assistant editor.

Since then, I have never had more than one person at a time working in the *Railroad* office with me: Connie Card, then Roger Arcara, Mike Eagleson, and now Al Herskovits, all competent railfans. If we had a secretary we'd do a much better job with the magazine, without wasting professional time on petty details that an intelligent kid just out of school could handle. Even so, the magazine is improving fast. It went into slick paper last September, emerging like a butterfly from its drab pulpwood cocoon, and the quality of its advertising is now at an all-time high. Circulation is slanting upward.

Many people have contributed to *Railroad's* growing popularity. Steve Maguire's *Transit Topics* has strong reader appeal. So have Sy Reich's rosters and the departments conducted by Al Herskovits, Barbara Kreimer, Mike Eagleson, and Sy, and Jim Edmonston. Joe Easley's illustrations have been a mainstay of *Railroad* ever since the days of "Boomer Bill" Hayes.

Space does not permit me to go into the many freight and passenger first and last runs and other assignments I have covered for *Railroad.* My favorite was the Woodstock's last run in the hills of Vermont, in which Harry Paine was, I believe, the last American engineer to handle a locomotive that had his own name painted on the cab. A whole chapter in my book *Railroad Avenue* is devoted to that subject.

A few more personal notes will wind up this article. One of my minor hobbies is feeding fruit and salad vegetables to elephants in zoos and circuses, and small fish to seagulls on bitterly cold winter days when the beaches are bleak and bare. Another is graphology. Merely from studying a fair-sized specimen of someone's penmanship, I can tell you a little about his or her personality.

While editing *Railroad* I rarely go out for lunch, preferring to bring food from home and eat it at my desk (as Mike Eagleson used to do). Despite that fact, I am very active. I do considerable brisk walking, some jogging. I like to climb stairs and climb hills. Don't care much for automobiles. My wife and I sold our car ten years ago and haven't had one since. It interfered with our hiking. Every morning I exercise five or ten minutes rather vigorously, not for muscular development but for posture and agility.

I never take drugs, not even the medical kind. Don't believe I have had a dozen aspirin tablets since infancy. I do not need them, because I do not get colds or headaches, even though I never wear rubbers nor use an umbrella. Colds are warded off by the half teaspoonful of codliver oil (or capsules) that I gulp down every morning before breakfast. I also take multi-vitamin and multi-mineral food supplements regu-

larly. That is because most of the soil from which our foods have come over the years is minerally-depleted and because of the widespread use of unwholesome additives in food processing.

One of the best magazines I know is *Prevention,* a 60-cent monthly published at Emmaus, Pa. 18049, and devoted to disease prevention. Largely as a result of following its regimen, I keep so healthy that I haven't seen a doctor professionally in the past 35 years, except to get vaccinations for overseas travel. I have never used tobacco, but I do have a bad habit of eating too fast.

On page 22 I referred to critical letters received from readers of our magazine throughout the years. (I purposely over-emphasized this point to make a humorous effect.) Nearly all, I am sure, are well meant. I am grateful to the writers who help to keep me "on my toes."

As a rule, the personal mail that comes to us is warm and friendly. It tells of loyalty to *Railroad Magazine* and sometimes makes flattering remarks about my work as editor. Reading this correspondence brightens my day. I only wish I could find time to answer each letter I get.

Too many readers send us pix of engines and trains. They apparently don't realize that railroads offer other photographic possibilities. One magazine just can't use more than a small number of pictures of locos with or without trains.

Most people, like myself, live by aphorisms. I have already mentioned "None of these things move me." Another favorite of mine is "Save a gallop for the avenue." A century ago, stagecoaches rolled over the Western plains and rough mountain roads. The trips were exhausting for horses and travelers alike. When approaching a community, the driver would take a rest stop, usually beside a creek or pond. After that he'd whip up his horses—lightly, I hope—and drive into town with a flourish.

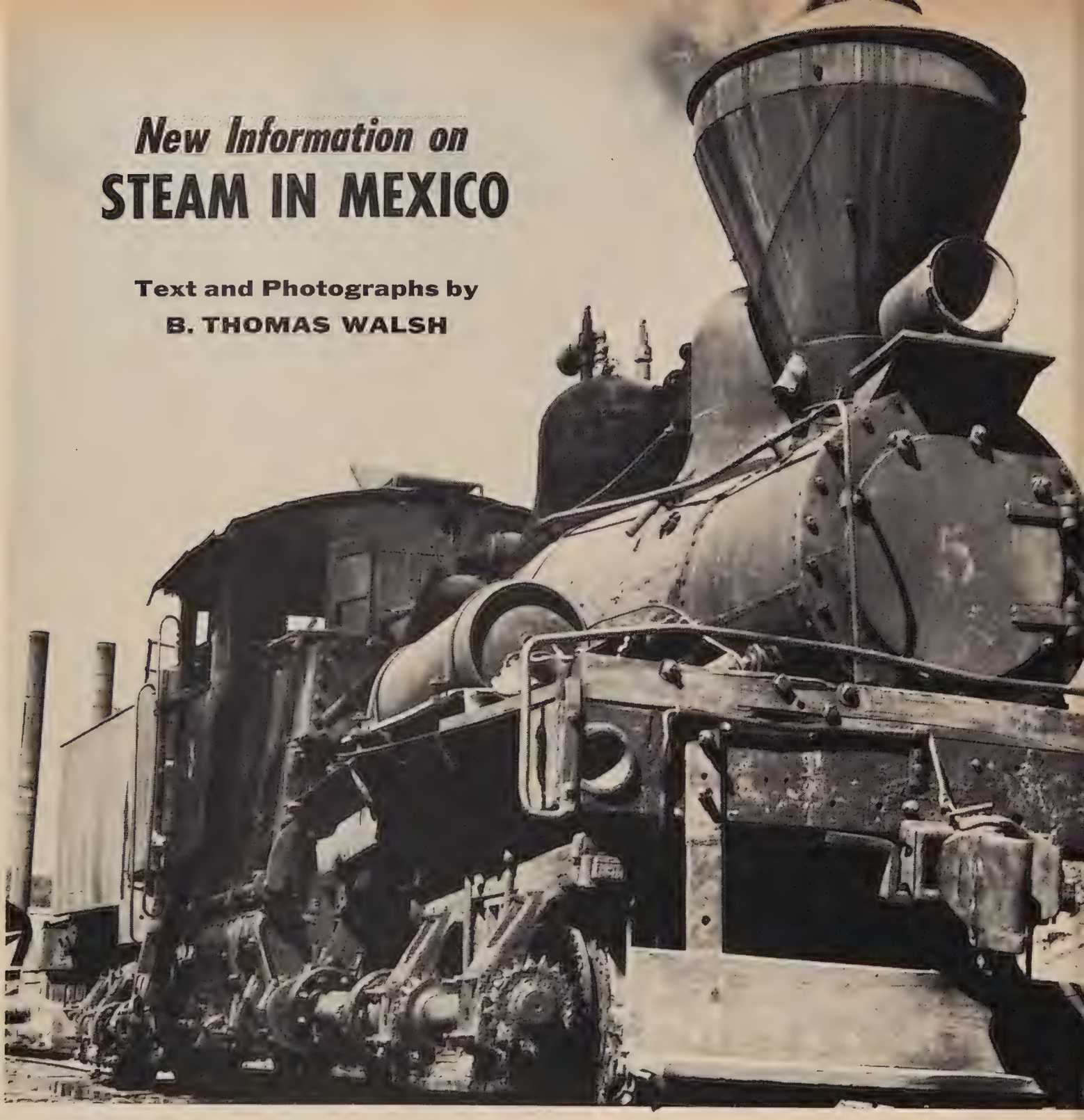
That slogan influences my daily living. No matter how busy or frustrating my day at the office has been, I perk up at night before entering my Rochdale Village home in New York City, especially when I know my wife is there. Yes, sir, I hold my head erect and smile as if I were advancing onto a great stage to receive a Nobel Prize. Just a silly little game, you might say. Well, maybe it is. But it makes me proud and happy to "Save a gallop for the avenue." ●

July 28, 1939: new, all-coach, overnight, N.Y. Central train leaves Grand Central Terminal on first run to Chicago. I'm standing behind the lady holding a white hat.

Another first run I really enjoyed was that of *The Crusader,* the Reading's only streamliner. Before being used in service between Philadelphia and New York, the train made a special journey to Hershey, Pa., with invited guests. There we were greeted personally by the "Chocolate King" himself, the tall, gray-haired, and aristocratic-looking Mr. Hershey; and we sat down to a banquet that featured roast pheasant, followed by a gay Broadway floor show imported for the occasion. (How many U.S. railroads today make so much fuss over one of their passenger trains?)

New Information on
STEAM IN MEXICO

Text and Photographs by
B. THOMAS WALSH



IT IS my custom to survey what is left of steam railroading in Mexico once a year. When I made a visit for this purpose last summer, it appeared unlikely that I would venture south of the border again during 1970. However, an item appearing in Mike Eagleson's excellent column, *In Search of Steam,* in the October *Railroad,* sent me packing within a few days of publication.

This item concerned the presence of geared steam locomotives on a remote logging line in the state of Durango, Mexico. Previously, I had been told that the lumber company, Cia Madera de Durango, had long since ceased rail operations and I wanted to check on it and find out future prospects for continued use of steam in that area. Naturally, I also intended to look at a couple of other nearby rail setups enroute to Durango. This Mexican safari took just four days, during which I found more unusual steam functioning than I'd seen in many years.

I flew down from Houston, Texas, via a low-priced excursion fare after

(Left) Lack of working headlight relegates Shay No. 5 to daytime service at El Salto. (Above) 1901 Porter-built loco belches smoke at Asarco plant.

making prior arrangements to rent a car at the airport. (The major automobile rental companies in the United States, franchised in Mexico, offer special flat rates upon request.) I stopped briefly at the Cerveceria Cuahtemoc brewery in Monterrey, Mexico, to see if their little Porter-built fireless cooker was working. This is Mexico's largest brewery. Its loading platforms are invariably jammed, mostly with jumbo truck-trailers. Indeed, congestion is so bad that rail switching is usually done in the early evening. A fleet of some thirty boxcars is kept for long-distance shipments of beer, but its loading seldom begins before 4:30 p.m.

I checked on No. 2501 of the National Railways of Mexico, a saddletank 2-4-2 built by Alco. She sits in majestic retirement in front of the Monterrey passenger station on an elevated mount surrounded by a reflecting pool and, like most display engines in Mexico, is not fenced in.

Fifty-five miles west, at the important railway junction town of Saltillo, the former two-foot-gage Mallet compound

This loco was really owned by Minera de Penoles, not NdeM.

Alco-built 2-4-2 is on display at Monterrey station. Sign warns that you are forbidden to climb on locomotive.

of Minera de Penoles is displayed opposite the railroad depot. Her NdeM lettering is somewhat disconcerting, since at no time did she belong to or operate over the National Railways. However, the act of preserving such an unusual engine warrants forgiveness for her unearned publicity. Not in evidence was the last Mexican-owned steamer of the three-foot-gage Coahuila & Zacatecas. That engine, Consolidation No. 10, a 1908 Baldwin, had been moved by flatcar in the early fall to be preserved at NdeM's San Lazaro shops in Mexico City.

I reached my first overnight stop, Durango, some 350 miles southwest of Monterrey, about 11 p.m. When phoning earlier in the day for a reservation at the only decent motel there, I had been told that all rooms were taken. Luckily, just one reservation failed to show and I thankfully took the last room at this 75-unit motel, wondering why it was so crowded.

The following morning I learned the answer when I encountered movie star Bruce Cabot in the motel office. All the rooms except mine were occupied by members of a production company shooting a new film, *Million Dollar Kidnapping,* on location north of Durango. Featured were John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Richard Boone, Pat Wayne, and Chris Mitchum. I never did see the two major principals, whom I suspect were staying somewhere else in an air-conditioned trailer, but I did observe several cast members in the dining room.

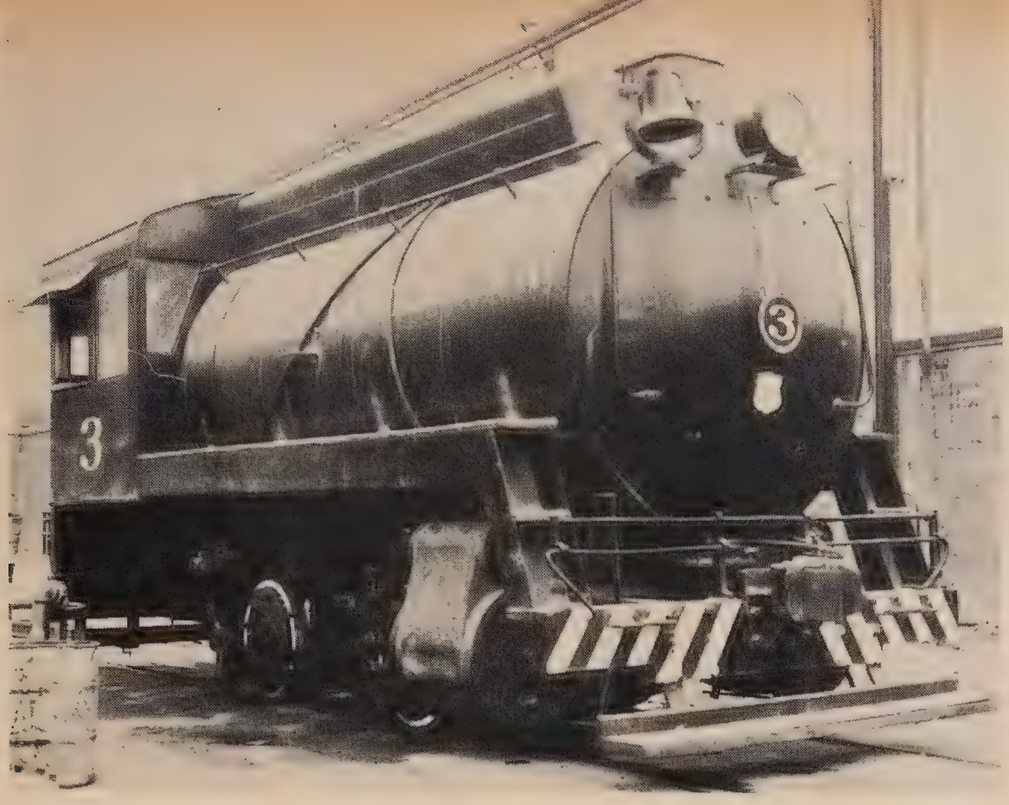
I promptly decided to find out whether or not a steam locomotive was being shown in any of the sequences. I knew that NdeM's last operational standard-gage locomotive was No. 650, a high-drivered Alco-Cooke Mogul of 1906. Retained for movie purposes, she had been kept at the San Lazaro roundhouse in the capital, following her use in another John Wayne picture, *Rio Lobo.* Upon inquiry of the Durango station agent, I learned that old 650 was being featured in the new movie. The scenes in which she appeared had been completed, but the locomotive was being kept at the Durango shops for use if retakes should be needed.

The movie location was ten miles north at the village of Casa Blanca. Sitting astride the 135-mile branch line running from Durango to Tepehuanes, the town's railway station had been repainted temporarily to read "McAndless, Texas." Freights were rescheduled for evening hours, but the once-daily passenger trains in each direction ran on their regular times. Shooting was suspended briefly while the few local riders clambered over the movie-set station to board the train.

Fascinating as the pursuit of this movie locomotive was, I went on to El Salto, fifty miles west of Durango and site of the logging railroad. A good-sized lumber mill is situated there and I needed permission to enter it. The manager was most cordial. Although no rail movements were contemplated that day, he had one of the engines fired up for me. The old girl selected was a three-truck Shay, No. 5. (Only one Shay is there, rather than the two previously reported.) An 80-ton Heisler was stored in the shed, but because of undue pounding on the rails she had not run for almost a year. A third piece of equipment, a huge, home-made, steam crane dating from the turn of the century, lies about a half-mile from the mill and is employed to load logs on home-made gondola cars.

I verified the report that logs are no longer transported to the mill by rail from the forest reserves. Some eight miles of track had been replaced by truck roads; but plant switching, mostly outbound cut lumber, is still handled by rail. A new plant manager, however, is seriously looking into ways of supplanting steam operation. He may buy a standard-gage diesel similar to the small

NdeM's last operational standard-gage steamer, No. 650, was used in movie *Million Dollar Kidnapping*. She is dwarfed by road diesel pulling her out of shed.



Fireless cooker of Cerveceria Cuahtemoc awaits call for service at end of day.

narrow-gage growlers now working at the plant. A still easier possibility is to have NdeM do the required mill switching. Operation of the two geared steam locomotives will probably end by mid-1971 and maybe even sooner if offers to buy these engines yield enough money to procure a diesel.

At any rate, by the time I finished eating lunch sufficient steam had been generated to move the Shay around the yard. She is not only gargantuan but is probably the only active woodburner left in North America. (The plant's Heisler was converted to oil ten years ago.) No plate or record remains, but the company believes the Shay to be around 60 years old. The Heisler, by contrast, is a mere stripling dating from 1928. The enginer was prevailed upon to pull her out of the shed into the sun, whereupon I witnessed one of the most unusual doubleheaded steam consists I had seen for a long time.

Returning to Durango, I asked the shops superintendent whether or not the movie locomotive could be moved outdoors. It was then late afternoon and the sun was in the wrong direction for photography, so he kindly agreed to pull her out of the engine shed at nine the following morning.

He may have regretted this promise, because he got caught very short of motive power the next day. Five mixed trains had already been dispatched in the early morning, while the two Durango-based switchers were busily engaged in completing the two north- and southbound freights scheduled for immediate departure. All he had left were two EMD freight cabs headed by an F2 built in 1946. Suitable or not, the engineer was instructed to pull out Mogul 650.

The diesels towered about six feet over the top of the steam boiler, giving a graphic picture of how much larger motive power has grown over the years. Falling into the spirit of the occasion, the crew offered to build a fire in the steamer, but time precluded my ability to stay longer.

With some reluctance, I bade farewell to the motel in Durango. Posted on the office wall alongside the call sheet for the performers was a notice that a cast party would be held in the motel dining room that night. Being the only bona fide paying guest of the motel not a member of the movie company, I was strongly tempted to stay on for the party. Only the fact that I had

Heisler and Shay (Nos. 4 and 5) doublehead at lumber company, Cia Madera de Durango. They may be sold by this summer.

arranged with Fundacion Morales in San Luis Potasi to ride behind steam the next day caused me to bid a fond adieu to Durango.

This copper plant has two identical narrow-gage 0-4-0's, both built by Porter in 1901 and both employed occasionally in slag service at the smelter. The single diesel which is operated 90 percent of the time had developed enough motor trouble to be out of commission for two weeks. Fortunately, I caught the steam operation on the final day prior to the diesel going back in service.

The basic operation consists of pulling two cars of molten slag from the smelter over to a man-made mountain of slag accumulated since the turn of the century. The track is perhaps three-quarters of a mile long, laid mostly at the very edge of the pile. The engine runs backward with the slag cars in front so as to maximize the distance between the crew and possible spillage from the red-hot lava.

Tanker No. 4 was being operated this day, and I was invited to ride the train out to the dump. Little did I realize that, in being placed on the small platform board to the left and behind the engineer, I was getting positioned for the precipice side of the train.

It is, of course, from the left that the molten slag is dumped down the mountainside, falling gradually to the ground some 400 feet below. The roadbed, roughened by the irregular cooling of old slag, is pockmarked by deep crevices. The unusual locomotive is small and built close to the ground, but the ride is bouncy enough to overturn any normal engine. Management of this company, part of American Smelting & Refining, intends to keep steam in back-up service for many years in the future. That, for us steam fans, is good news.

Ample time remained for me to stop at the narrow-gage railway operated by Cia. Metalurgico, S.A., east of Guadalupe in the state of Zacatacas. This twelve-mile mining line is notable for having a grade level crossing over Mexico route 45, requiring a gateman in a little shanty. Basically, lead ore is hauled from the mines to the processing plant where some silver and arsenic also are extracted. Two small Whitcomb locos dating from construction of the line in 1928 are still in service.

Mission completed, I journeyed gleefully back to Monterrey and boarded a plane to the States. It hardly seems possible that I had seen so much over a long week-end. Steam is in its waning days in Mexico, but there are times and places where this would be hard to prove. ●

Slag train of Asarco enters copper plant area. Management intends to keep steam in back-up service for years to come.

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

EDAVILLE, the two-foot-gage railroad running through Massachusetts' cranberry belt, once owned by F. Nelson Blount, has been purchased by 28-year-old railfan-businessman George Bartholomew. Mr. Bartholomew, who had worked in various capacities on the road, was a licensed locomotive engineer at 18. We wish him success in operating the Edaville. Incidentally, this road at South Carver also has a museum nearby which houses the world's only 2-foot-gage parlor car, from the long-abandoned Sandy River Line.

Strasburg R.R. did quite a nice business last year. All told, 286,508 passengers rode the line—a 24 percent increase over the 1969 total of 230,712. This year's operations began Jan. 17th with a surprise. The road's formerly green coaches have been repainted in the bright red that once marked the passenger trains of the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio. The Strasburg name appears in black on yellow letterboards.

Northwestern Limited is the monthly publication of the North Western Illinois chapter of NRHS. Lately the chapter has grown to about 50 members; its newsletter contains editorials, features, and stories of various roads with an emphasis on Chicago & North Western, Penn Central, and Illinois Central. For subscription details, contact Mike Schafer, editor, 127 Seventh St., Rockford, Ill. 61104.

"Would-be railroad photographers," writes Elliott Kahn, 58 Verbena St., Clearwater Beach, Fla. 33515, "should be warned of a new Florida state law on trespassing which provides penalties of up to $5,000 in fines and five years in jail for convicted parties. There has already been the case of a hunter who crawled under a fence to retrieve a bird and was fined $1,000.

"A lumber company posted a 'No Trespassing' sign on a navigable river because it owned some land on both sides of the river. A lower court has upheld it; for the time being, anyone riding a boat through that section can be fined $5,000. This trespassing law applies to railfans, too. The Florida East Coast is very hostile and owns the Apalachicola Northern. FEC has armed guards patrolling the track with orders to shoot anyone who makes a run for it. Another touchy rail line is the busy Jacksonville Terminal. Even the Southern and SCL in Florida don't like railfans on their property."

Our Feb. issue mentioned that the Southern Appalachian might reopen. Wilbur T. Golson, 5465 Washington Ave., Baton Rouge, La. 70806, writes that the line will definitely *not* reopen. Mr. Bernard, its owner, now works for the Erie Lackawanna, and all Southern Appalachian equipment is for sale at Yancey Railroad's Burnsville Depot, N.C.

A suggestion for frustrated newsstand buyers of *Railroad Magazine*: some newsdealers carry only one copy, which they stick in a corner under a pile of other magazines. If you don't see a copy of *Railroad*, ask the dealer; he may have one.

Augusta Chapter, NRHS, is selling solid brass Georgia Railroad and Atlanta & West Point RR. switch locks and keys to raise funds for their museum. Marked "Ga. RR." or "A&WP," they cost $3.50 postpaid for each lock; $6 for a lock complete with key. Be sure to state which railroad you want.

The chapter also sells railroad commemorative first-day covers of the new *20th Century, Nancy Hanks, El Capitan, Super Chief, North Coast Limited*, etc. A list of available covers may be had for a large self-addressed, stamped envelope from the chapter at P.O. Box 725, Augusta, Ga. 30903.

Arthur Frakes, who sells railroad uniform buttons and dining-car menus through our *Switch List*, had an article written about him in the *Port Arthur* (Texas) *News*. It describes his collection (with photos) and mentions *Railroad Magazine*. All collectors should get in touch with their local newspapers. You may have an article written about you. It could also give readers in your city a chance of learning about *Railroad Magazine* for the first time.

A photo of an unusual railroad item has been sent us by Fred Schmidt, Rte. 1, Box 246, Mulvane, Kan. 67110. Fred has shown it to some oldtimers at Durango, but they couldn't identify it. The small metal can (see photo) is about 5 inches high and rather heavy, with D&RG stamped on the side. Anyone know what it was used for?

What was this old D&RG can used for?
Fred Schmidt

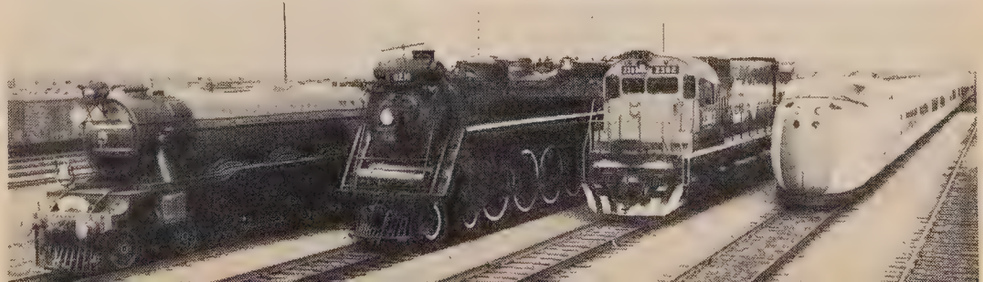
The Southern Spike, monthly newsletter of the Miami Chapter, NRHS, contains news of railroads around the country. Latest issue has a rather scary account of a member's automobile almost struck by a truck after the truck had been hit by the Seaboard Coast Line's *Silver Meteor*. For subscriptions, contact Mrs. Dorothy Laughlin, chapter secretary, 711 S.W. 73rd Ave., Miami, Fla. 33144.

A new organization, the Robert C. Stovall Railroad Museum, will be located in Columbus, Miss. Stovall, late president of the Columbus & Greenville, died in an auto accident. His heirs have given C&G's last remaining steam locomotive, No. 178, a baggage car, two passenger coaches, and a caboose to the City of Columbus. They will be restored and placed on a strip of track in Propst Park adjoining Highway 82. The coaches will house the museum's collection of early-day railroad equipment, photos, and news stories concerning the C&G, all preserved in glass cases.

On April 10th, a benefit trip will take place over Morristown & Erie for the Morris County Central RR Museum, using MCC 2-8-0 No. 385 and open-window coaches; leaves M&E station, Rte. 10, Whippany, N.J., at 9 a.m. Fare, $5. Checks payable to Alan Holleuffer, trip director, 10 Pine St., West Orange, N.J. 07052

Canadian National photograph

Motive power lineup at Montreal includes *Flying Scotsman*, 6218, and CN's Turbo.



PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

June, 1970: train watchers see a Penn Central consist of old Pennsylvania Railroad MP-54 motor cars slow down to an early-morning stop at Linden, New Jersey, on its regular run from Perth Amboy to New York with a load of commuters.
Jack Armstrong, 197 N. Summer St., Adams, Mass. 01220

AS WE enter the spring of 1971 the old melancholy story continues. More trains are being pulled off, more stations closed, more rail mileage abandoned, and more railroad men losing their jobs. At the same time, the highway building continues at a furious pace. Streets and roads are jammed with motor traffic, especially in the cities. The highway death toll is still mounting.

And the end is not in sight. But it must come if we are to have a meaningful transportation system. According to *Jane's Railways,* a huge authoritative book issued annually, rail movement has become the number one salvation for the world's big communities. Twenty years from now, the authors estimate, population of cities will be 80 percent higher than it is today; and mass transportation, instead of privately-owned automobiles, will be the only possible solution to the problem of taking all those people to the places where they want to go.

Our commuter rail services must be modernized and expanded. The other evening, Eric Sevaried suggested over CBS television that even many motorists advocate mass transit for the other person so that they themselves will be able to enjoy riding on congestion-free expressways.

Thomas C. Sutherland, Jr., had an article on "The Need to Revive Passenger Rail Service" in Dec. 15, '70, issue of *Princeton Alumni Weekly,* America's oldest weekly magazine, in which he stated:

The United States lags behind all the developed nations of the world in obtaining good railroad passenger service. Why is this so, when rail travel is the safest, and in many ways the most economical, pollution-free, comfortable and dependable of all forms of transportation?

Why, when railroad rights-of-way already link our major cities and thread through most towns and suburbs, do we continue to lavish money and open space on new highways that sluice more automobiles into already jammed cities? Why do we build larger and louder and dirtier airplanes requiring additional acres of airports?

The history of American railroading has had its high points, but in terms of service to the public on the part of the so-called "railroad kings," it has been predominantly on the low side. And it can be argued, with some justification, that present-day railroad officials have inherited an attitude of contempt for the public and a lack of interest in passenger service from their "robber baron" predecessors. . .

At one time, railroads were the most powerful industry in the country. Now there are single U.S. corporations more powerful than the entire industry; and the mightiest of them all, Penn Central, recently declared bankruptcy. . .

Today's harassed railroad passenger knows about the poor service: coaches too hot or too cold, station information phones not answered, discourteous employees, odd scheduling and late trains, dirty stations, dirty coaches, ancient toilets, over-priced food and snacks, rough track-beds, antique ticket and reservation procedures, high prices and long lines. . .

No new major road beds have been built since the '20s. Research and development initiated by the railroads have been virtually nil and much of the rolling stock is worn out. Lack of aggressive, vigorous effort is further demonstrated by the minuscule amount of railroad advertising compared to that of airlines, automobiles, and buses.

Senator Charles Goodell stated: "When faced with competition from road and air, the railroads simply refused to compete." He added that the

railroads' revenue losses from passenger trains resulted from their own failure to provide adequate service and to develop constructive plans. Another lawmaker, Congressman Abner Mikva of Illinois, had this to say about the Illinois Central's recent raise in fares:

They are going to put up the fares so high that no one will ride. . . . Then, like the guy who killed both his parents and pleaded for mercy because he was an orphan, they are going to come in and ask to discontinue the service.

Editorial comment in *The Clearance Card,* monthly newsletter of the Southwest Railroad Historical Society:

It has been rather interesting to see the reactions of newspapers, chambers of commerce, and public officials who were, to say the least, apathetic, when the passenger trains were coming off in droves, and who suddenly got up on the band wagon about *their* town needing a passenger train. This is an awfully good chance for a great many of us to put money where our mouth is.

Train travel between Washington and New York increased 14 percent while airline travel dropped one percent from July '69 to July '70, according to a report from the Department of Transportation's Federal Railroad Administration.

The report also showed that during the same period 22 percent of passengers interviewed said they had switched from the private auto and 20 percent from the airplane. Only 16 percent said they expected to revert to the auto for their next trip, and 7 percent to the plane, while 80 percent planned to use the *Metroliner* next time out.

"One-sided Modernization" is what the New York State Legislative Board of United Transportation Union terms the carriers' attitude toward passenger trains. The Board came out the other day with this statement:

For the past few years the railroad industry has been concentrating on new and revolutionary equipment for the hauling of freight while seemingly exerting like effort to down-grade and eliminate passenger service.

One of the special-purpose cars that has been a "shining light" is the automobile rack car which has enabled the railroads to recapture over 50 percent of the lucrative auto-hauling business. These cars can haul 12 regular size autos or 16 of the smaller types between the Detroit plants and distribution centers. Selkirk Yard is a terminal for many of the autos sold on the East coast. The public, too, has been a major beneficiary, since many of the truck trailers that formerly hauled the cars are no longer crowding J. Q. Public off the highways. Moreover, unit trains now haul over ⅓ of the nation's coal, while others are used in hauling grain, ore, chemicals, feed, hot steel slabs, hot asphalt, etc.

Other latest advances include the "conditionaire" car which allows perishables to be moved in bulk quantities. Center flow covered hopper cars, sloping bottom tank cars, improved lining inside tankers—these, and many other new and improved techniqces are enabling the railroads to gain their fair share of freight hauling in our country.

The question that readily comes to mind is, "Why haven't the sharp thinkers in our industry concentrated just a trifle on a few ideas that would upgrade and modernize the sadly deteriorated passenger service?"

The Public Utilities Commission of Ohio is trying to insure railroad passenger service for Ohio cities. Such service was threatened by the Railpax plan which listed 16 city-to-city connections with only one Ohio city—Cincinnati—included in the proposal. Except for the run from Chicago to Cincinnati, there is no guarantee that Ohio cities will have passenger rail service, PUCO says. Sheldon Taft, assistant attorney general assigned to PUCO, has submitted a study of the subjects to the U.S. Department of Transportation.

There are reports that yet another Canadian passenger service is to disappear. One of the two daily trains originating in Montreal and Toronto and running to Winnipeg may have been withdrawn by the time you read these words. Canadian National advised its ticket agencies that the *Panorama* would not run after January 31st. The train, which usually carried but one passenger coach, with other cars carrying freight, left Toronto and Montreal daily, and returned daily.

Recently I left Oakland, Calif., on the Southern Pacific's *City of San Francisco.* When that train is on time, it reaches Chicago in 46 hours; but on my trip it took 51 hours, due partly to the derailment of a freight train at Donner Summit. As the Union Pacific's combined *City of Los Angeles* and *Challenger* is coupled into the *City of San Francisco* at Ogden, Utah, the UP portion was delayed until we got in.

The SP could easily have kept its portion of the train on time. The UP section was just too heavy to keep on schedule, let alone make up time. Also, diesel locos don't have the guts for extra speed to make up time as used to be done by the big 800 4-8-4's. The diesel's horsepower drops off too much at the higher speeds, in addition to which the gearing limits their speeds. When the *City of San Francisco* was first put on in 1936, it made the run in 39½ hours—the same run which took me 51 hours!—Stanley T. Borden, 378 23rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

We stated recently that the *Texas Eagle* was the Missouri Pacific's last passenger train. "Not so," says Harry Cook, 6438½ The Pasco, Kansas City, Mo. 64131. "There are still two passenger trains each way between Missouri's two largest cities, Kansas City and St. Louis, but not because the MoPac hasn't tried to get rid of them. They have. But those two trains are still running—for how long?"

While most European countries continue to improve their rail passenger service, giving it its rightful place with other forms of transportation, the United States has allowed its rail service to deteriorate, until it cannot survive much longer without a change in government policy. Up to now, this policy has encouraged highway and air transportation, while largely ignoring the railroads.

Americans who travel in Europe are amazed at the superior rail service there; it is often superior to anything the U.S. has ever known. There is no reason why we should not have rail service as good as that in Europe.

The National Assn. of Railroad Passengers is vigorously opposing the abandonment of passenger service in key cases. Persons interested in retaining and upgrading this service could help by becoming members of NARP, whose address is 417 New Jersey Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.—John Bowman, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.

The *Metroliners*, which began service Jan. 16, 1969, as a joint project of Penn Central and the U.S. Department of Transportation, have taken over 2 million passengers on some 6,500 runs between New York and Washington.

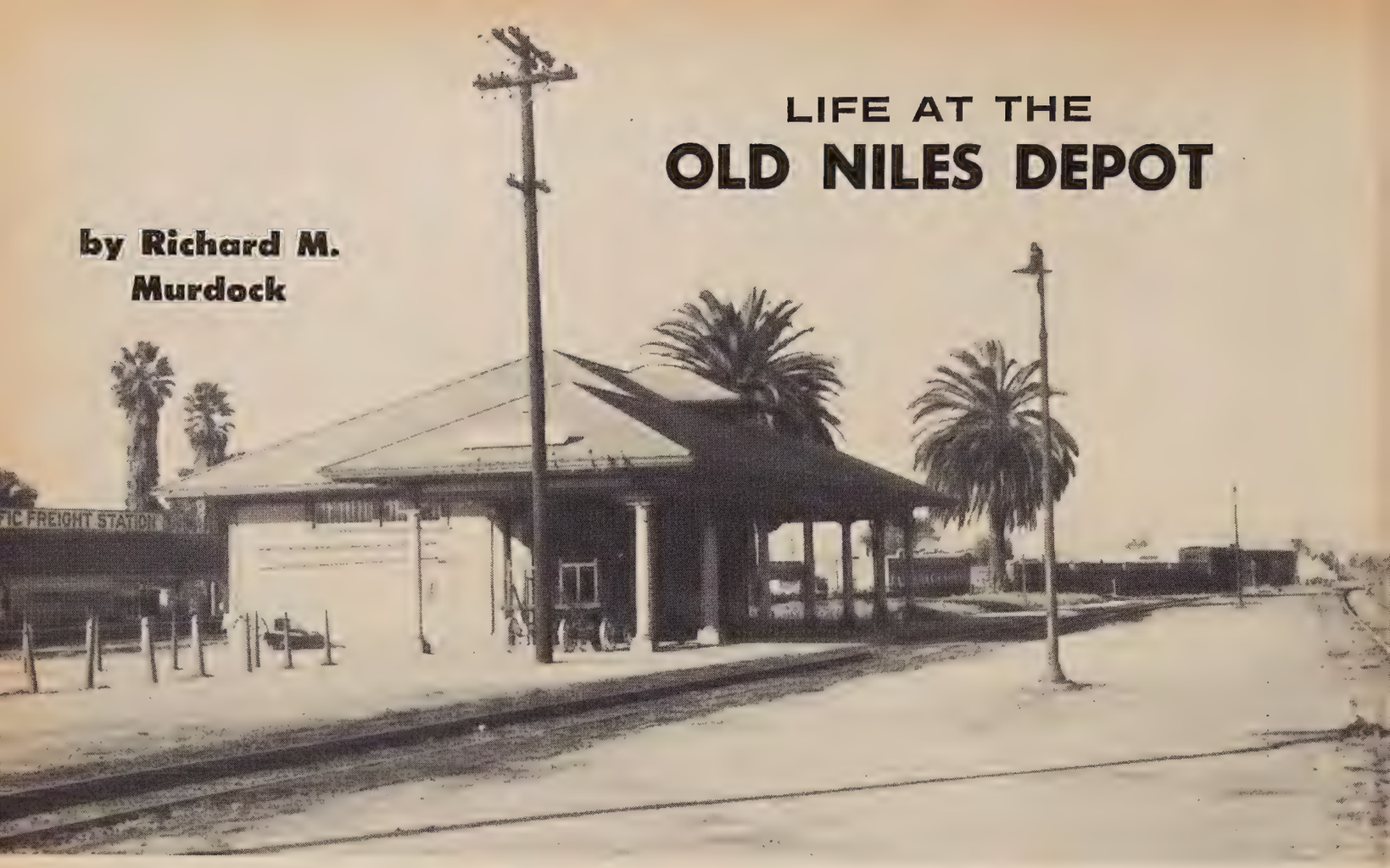
"A passenger train," said Jim Hill, founder of the Great Northern, "is like the male teat—neither useful nor ornamental." And when Milton H. Smith was president of the Louisville & Nashville he commented cynically: "Society was created for the purpose of one man's getting what the other fellow has, if he can keep out of the penitentiary."

Coming to modern times is this statement made by Paul A. Gorman as chairman of the Penn Central: "We can make a decent return on our freight business if we can get unshackled from our passenger service." At the same time he said that, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* Mr. Gorman was commuting by chauffered limousine between his Main Line home and his Philadelphia office!

"If the Penn Central had spent as much time and as much effort in recent years on improving its passenger service as it has on other profit ventures —land development and freight cars," Robert C. Bartlett said when he retired as Pennsylvania's highway commissioner last June, "there is not a question in my mind that passenger service would now be active, efficient, sparkling and profitable." ●

LIFE AT THE OLD NILES DEPOT

by Richard M. Murdock



Niles depot as it appeared in 1941. Today, no more passenger trains stop here, much less excursion and picnic trains.
Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94611

THE ONE-STORY pillared building which squats facing the hills, with a quaint town at its back, seems to be brooding over a century of rail lore. That Southern Pacific station at Niles, California, hasn't changed much in appearance since the halcyon days when the passenger tide ran high, when eight eastbound coach consists and seven westbound stopped there daily. Today, no passenger train links Oakland with San Jose, through Niles. If it weren't for the arrogant, diesel-powered freights you'd be perfectly safe sitting on the rails all day long.

Yes, the surging crowds are gone, with their eager impatience and pleasurable excitement, their laughter, their sense of adventure and romance. Gone, as a Greek dramatist would say, "the apple tree, the singing, and the gold." That depot today is little more than a husk of what it used to be.

Vanished, too, are the long-ago Sunday afternoons and evenings when, in mild weather, the local concert band played in front of the station while lovers strolled arm and arm, children romped, parents listened sedately, and medicine men hawked their wares.

"Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!" one of them would call out. "See the greatest invention since the electric light!" Pausing to cock his stiff straw hat with its broad red-and-white band at a jaunty angle, and adjust his fancy sleeve garters, he'd continue: "Simple, yes, but unbelievably attractive. Years in the perfecting, Dr. Fitz Electric Belt is now ready for your waist, its invisible currents poised to magically drive away forever each nagging infirmity in your aching body!"

Warm-weather Sundays in the early days of Niles were fascinating. Excursion trains pulled in boisterously from Oakland and San Francisco, complete with their own bands and disgorging happy folks destined for leisurely hours beside the tree-shaded waters of Alameda Creek, at Fernbrook Park, Farwell, or Stonybrook, each a few miles up Niles Canyon.

"How well I remember Sundays at Niles in the summertime!" muses Mrs. Amelia Silva, a native of the area. "They were always quiet—until a picnic train whistled in! Then my sisters and I would run to the depot to hear the train's band. It was fun."

While the music blared and the little steam engines took water, a few of the male partons held short but spirited sessions of thirst-quenching at two handily situated bars, according to John "Nick" Pinna, station agent at Niles from 1956 to '63, and a telegrapher before that.

"Picnic trains ran until about 1950," he says. "They'd arrive about ten a.m. and deposit their pleasure-bound riders upstream. After that they'd return to rest in the clear on the caboose track

until 4:30 p.m. Whole families participated, and it seemed that no one ever wanted to board the train for home. What a shame these trips were finally discontinued!"

One retired SP engineer, who was a young fireman in those days, remembers the day when he had a shiny new automobile and drove his girl friend to a secluded site beside Alameda Creek, which he decided was ideal for lovemaking.

"What a beautiful day!" he told me. "I will never forget the singing birds and droning bees, the lazy water sparkling with flecks of sunshine in the days before such streams were polluted, and the warm fragrance of the girl's body stretched out at ease beside me on the blanket-covered grass."

Lost in romance, he didn't realize until too late that the rural spot might offer a clear view from trains on the tracks above. But he learned suddenly. With clanging bell and a sizzling steam feather at the pop, a westbound engine and cars from Tracy drifted by. A couple of acknowledging toots of the whistle indicated that the engine crew had seen what was going on.

"I tried to hide my face," lover boy told me, "but when I showed up next day at the roundhouse I found out the fireman on the varnish had recognized me, and I was kidded about it for weeks afterward."

1910 was a great year at Niles. The small community, boasting a population of about 1500, was unexpectedly boosted to fame by a new media, the movies. The credit for that went mostly to Gilbert M. Anderson, one of the actors in the world's first complete story movie, *The Great Train Robbery*.

Three years earlier he and a partner, George K. Spoor, had founded the Essanay Film Company in Chicago; but more appropriate settings for Western films were needed, so a branch studio was set up in Niles. A writer, director, and producer as well as actor, Anderson began turning out "Bronco Billy" movies. The first American film cowboy, meaning Anderson, was featured in the nickelodeons (as movie theaters were then called) all over the country. So Niles station and the nearby studios became the places to see the earliest silent film stars in person: Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Ben Turpin, and Charlie Chaplin, for example.

Mrs. Silva remembers that era. "Essanay was good for Niles," she says. "They imported well-known boxers as photoplay extras and sponsored a baseball team, hiring professional players who were later used as extras. Many local establishments in Niles, including the depot and my mother's house on Second Street, were used as movie settings."

Mrs. Silva waxes nostalgic over the slatted seats entirely circling a pillar at the south end of the station and the bandstand that once stood where the parking lot now is. However, the embryonic movie industry later moved south to make Hollywood, rather than Niles, world-famous.

Niles is actually a corner of Fremont, a large incorporated city. It occupies a northeast portion of a great plain bounded by San Francisco Bay to the west, abrupt rounded hills to the east, San Jose to the south, and Hayward to the north.

In 1866, the first Western Pacific Railroad—unrelated to the WP of today—laid track from San Jose to Niles, knocked off construction for a couple of years, and then began again, this time out of Sacramento toward Stockton and Tracy, eventually over Altamont Pass and down Alameda Creek to converge at Niles Junction.

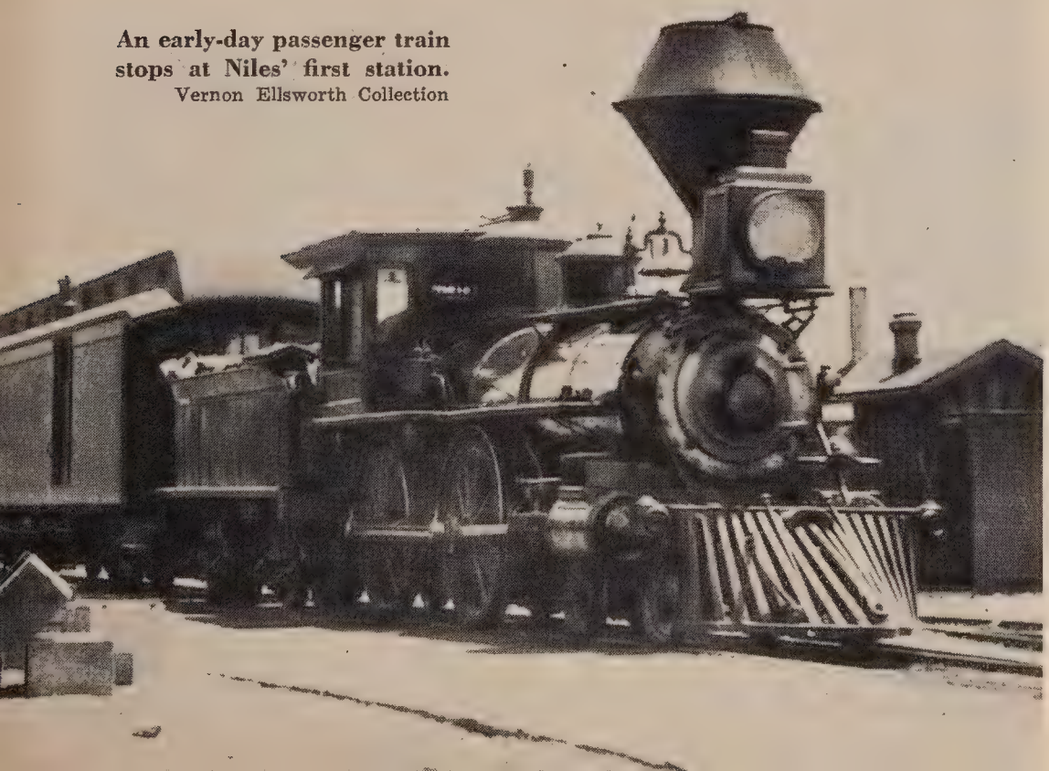
And there on September 6, 1869, some historians contend the true "last spike" was driven. You see, two links in the transcontinental line had been still missing at Promontory at the Golden Spike ceremonies in May—a bridge across the Missouri River at Omaha and 30 miles of railroad between Niles and Oakland. Each winter, ties and rails were laid across the ice until eventually a bridge was built at Omaha.

With the September 6th spike at Niles at last linking Oakland, the transcontinental railroad was finally completed. Two months later, on November 8, 1869, a passenger train from the East, resplendent with Pullman cars and all, nosed down the tree-studded canyon aflame with late fall colors and swung north at Niles enroute to Oakland. It was really the first train to span the continent completely.

Several hundred acres had been purchased and a townsite platted. The Central Pacific pressured local residents into changing the name from Vallejo Mills to Niles after the railroad's attorney, Judge Addison C. Niles. A railroad yard was built, paralleling that of the old WP.

Soon, however, CP acquired trackage in all directions and new buildings began springing up west of a new station—Niles's first. It was a boxy structure of vertical boards with battens and it served until 1910 when the present depot replaced it. Then it housed for some time the public library and a newspaper, *The Washington Press*. Now, pleasingly remodeled, the antique structure is used as a private residence. Originally, it included Fisher's lunch counter, waiting rooms, local mail and express services, and even a drygoods store. William Snyder was its first station agent.

So, with a background of cattle-raising, bullfights, and rodeos, Vallejo Mills became Niles and had a new railroad and depot, a glovemaker's, blacksmith shops, and other buildings. It has always been a busy rail junction. In the old days, besides the daily flurry of passengers, it had an open train-order office serving several local freights and



An early-day passenger train stops at Niles' first station.
Vernon Ellsworth Collection

Collection of Harry Avila, 37469 Niles Blvd., Fremont, Calif. 94536

Southern Pacific photograph

(Left) A sales pitch for Dr. Fitz' Electric Belt. Thomas Murphy, at the far right, was one of many local people who acted in Essenay movies filmed at Niles from 1912-1916. (Right) Niles Concert Band seen in front of the depot in 1910.

assigned helper jobs for the Canyon and Altamont.

1910 brought competition in the form of the present Western Pacific Railroad. The WP rails still roughly parallel the SP's from Niles to Tracy. Just recently the last trip of the famed *California Zephyr* doomed WP passenger service out of Oakland and over this stretch. But long ago an interlocking plant and tower were installed at Niles and the train-order signal was moved from the station to the tower a half-mile south. Here the WP crossed, and SP's Dumbarton bridge freight cutoff originated, eventually joining the Coast Route at Redwood Junction.

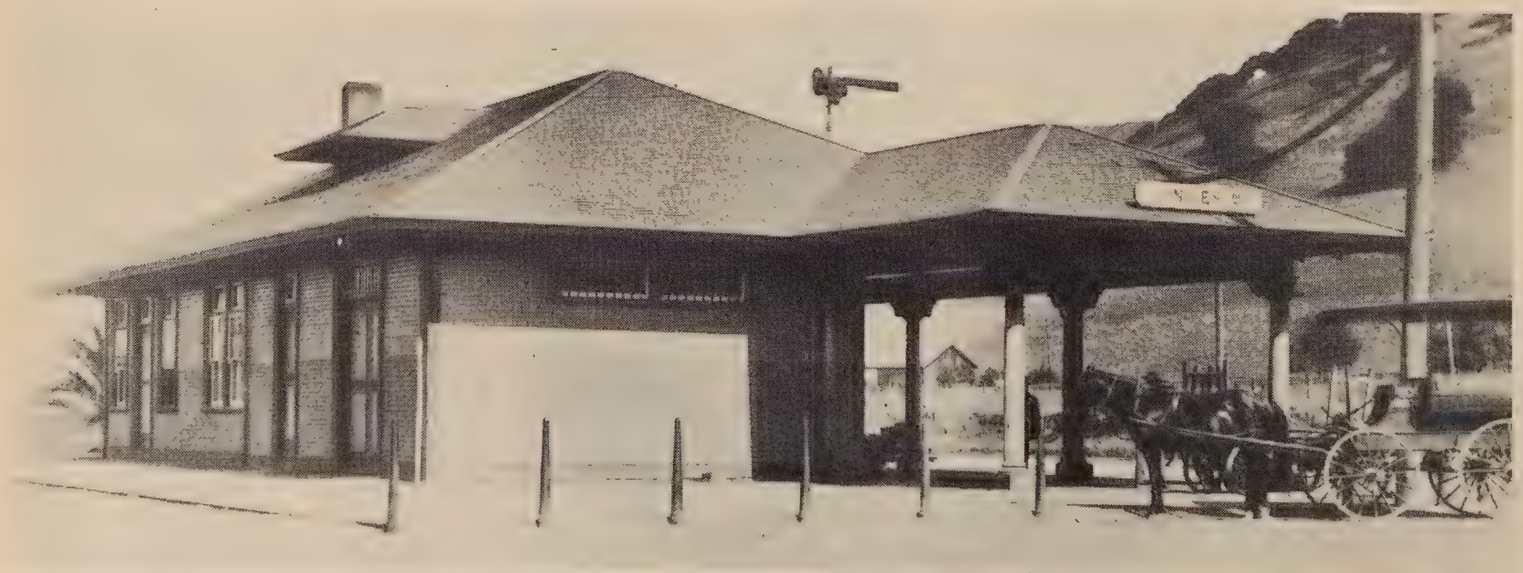
There's a wye at Niles for trains enroute to or from Tracy, with switches and signal indications operated from Niles Tower. Twisting down the canyon with a long, heavy freight can tax an engineer's skill, for it's 15 mph through interlocking limits with several intermediate signals of short visibility, any of which could display a "red" aspect, in which case a hogger without control of the brakes could expect a long unpaid vacation.

Despite its strategic importance, Niles Junction hasn't always been the simplest area in which to maintain track. Winter slides often block the Canyon Line, and the usually placid Alameda Creek periodically goes on a rampage. A disastrous flood in 1911 washed out a highway and two rail bridges, disrupting traffic badly.

Both of the Niles station buildings have seen a wide range of steam power. The first, of course, knew the eight- and then ten-wheeled diamond-stacked woodburners and a few of the earlier oilburners. I fired and ran a variety of steam engines through Niles.

I'll never forget that September day in 1946 when I fired a circus train out of Tracy, with Jewell Lee at the throttle of a slim-boilered, high-wheeled Pacific. We had a meet with a sugar-beet extra at Livermore. The regular elephant car had been damaged in a wreck a few days before. So a few of the pachyderms occupied a baggage car, with windows removed for ventilation, just behind the engine. While we were taking water, the head brakeman amused himself by swiping beets from the passing train to feed the elephants.

Later, drifting down Niles Canyon, I looked back to see squirming trunks thrust far out the windows, foul of signal masts, mileboards, and water columns. I envisioned horribly maimed trunks. But those beasts fooled me. They appeared to delight in seeing how close they could come to passing obstacles without making contact. Every trunk would dart clear in the nick of time,



The present Niles station, soon after it was built, with driverless Centerville stage, in 1910.

Sappers collection, courtesy of Ted Wurm

and so it was for the whole trip. Yes, elephants are smart, all right.

SP's Western Division was the last to become fully dieselized. For some time the dwindling steam fleet continued to run regularly through Niles. Cab-first Mallets echoed power up and down the canyon as did sleek, high-wheeled 4300's and 4400's. The latter classes lacked their streamlined skirting and "Daylight" colors while reduced to the humiliation of hauling freight in steam's final days.

"The 63,000-gallon water tank was a familiar sight at Niles," recalls ex-station agent Nick Pinna. "Sure hated to see that go. But this always has been a busy station and still is—about $120,000 worth per month. The town might look sleepy, but there's lots of industry spread around—a giant General Motors assembly plant, U.S. Gypsum, and a big steel mill, not to mention packing sheds."

Pinna also remembers when the station lost the Railway Express Agency. "That was in 1959," he says, "and it sure sliced my pay."

At one time, three telegraphers and two clerks were needed to handle the station work. But today, with computerization, a single combined agent-telegrapher does most of it. The old Railway Express room is now a change and register facility for local freight crews. The assigned helper jobs are long gone.

Niles is one of the few SP depots still showing the elevation on its sign: "Elevation, 88 feet." How much longer it will retain its old flavor is doubtful.

One Saturday not long ago I got called for a local freight. Upon arriving at Niles, I couldn't get within a half-mile of the depot because the main street was roped off, traffic re-routed. The reason? A flea market in full session. After parking some distance from the station, I threaded my way through the throngs, occasionally pausing before various displays of antiques and junk.

That music? From which direction was it coming? Did the old Niles Concert Band sound like that long ago? Or was it, perhaps, a band from one of the now-vanished picnic trains? Blaring, maybe. But brassy, spirited, and pretty. I envisioned the sign, "Dr. Fitz Electric Belt—Cures Everything," and a garter-sleeved gent with a straw hat about to launch his spiel. Right then I seemed to hear the lonesome wail of a steam whistle echoing down Niles Canyon. ●

Present-day Niles tower stands athwart the Western Pacific Railroad crossing.
Richard M. Murdock, 346 Valley View Drive, Pleasant Hill, Calif. 94523

W.L. Hammond Collection, 41654 Meiggs St., Fremont, Calif. 94538

California Zephyr **crossed Espee tracks a few days before it was discontinued.**

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

with
Mike Eagleson

BAD NEWS! Chesapeake & Ohio's still-preserved 2-8-4, No. 2700, may soon be scrapped. Long standing in Coonskin Park, Charleston, W. Va., she would be the second displayed C&O Kanawah to suffer this fate, the first having been No. 2701 in Buffalo, N.Y., wrecked by vandals and finally scrapped. The Park Commission refused to spend any money to keep the 2700 in good condition or even to restore her as a fitting exhibition piece now that the damage has been done.

This super-power loco, built in 1943, is the prototype of the C&O 2-8-4's. Charleston's NRHS Chapter is willing to take her over and supply the labor force to repair her, but the Commission will only give the club paint and brushes, not the steel jacketing, glass, and tools needed for a first-class job. While the Commission blames the damage on vandalism, the railfans trace it to neglect by the Commission, which never even locked the protective gate in the past two years, nor repaired the encircling fence when it was pushed down. The Commission is on record as agreeing to give the engine away to anyone who can save her. Standing about 100 feet from a B&O line, she could be removed easily. For details on how you can help save her, contact Charles E. Arnold III, 1420½ Lewis St. Charleston, W. Va. 25301.

Pennsylvania's New Hope & Ivyland took delivery of ex-Washington Terminal diesel RS-1 No. 57 on January 9th. This kills the tri-weekly steam-powered freights. Construction of the two-stalled enginehouse in New Hope, Pa., is nearing completion. The road plans to fully shop ex-CN 4-6-0 No. 1533, and possibly later ex-Cliffside 2-8-0 No. 40. One engine anyway will be available for the spring tourist season.

Frederick G. Bailey of Steamtown Foundation, Bellows Falls, Vt., rightly objects to certain inaccuracies and rumors sent to my January column by G. Seil. To set the record straight, Steamtown doesn't have a saddletanker ready for ICC inspectors nor does it even plan to put one in ICC shape. They do aim to fire up Massachusetts Electric 0-4-0T No. 1 for use in switching other locos around the display tracks. Furthermore, Eastern Gas & Fuel Associates' 0-6-0 No. 4 is not up for sale and is not "standing junk," according to Mr. Bailey, but is "considered as unrestored." The first shed at Steamtown was completed November 24th and Illinois Central 2-8-0 No. 790 was the first loco pushed into it. Now, over half the collection of Steamtown locos have their rods installed. Recently acquired are a French compound Mallet and a German 094, 0-10-0T.

Green Mountain's ex-CN 2-6-0 No. 89 needs some work, but is basically intact. Their ex-CP 4-6-2 No. 1246 is in good shape, contrary to my January report, and didn't miss a single operating day in 1970. There is no immediate plans to restore sister No. 1293.

Tentative plans for the 1971 railfan week-end at Cass on May 22-23 calls for operating two doubleheaders to Ball Knob and the first run of ex-Reading 4-8-4 No. 2102 over C&O's Greenbrier subdivision from Ronceverte to Durbin, W. Va. No word yet on whether or not she will remain lettered "Reading." Let's hope so!

Magma Arizona Railroad at the town of that name has bought three Baldwin diesels, two 800 hp and one 1500 hp. These replace their Baldwin 2-8-2 No. 7 and American-built 2-8-0 No. 5. MA's last steam run was in Sept. '69. Now, the Consolidation is being kept for service use only, reports Thomas Tancula, 77749 W. Windsor Ave., Norridge, Ill. 60656.

Ex-Grand Trunk Western's 4-6-2 No. 5629 will pull a fantrip out of Chicago to Logansport, Ind., via the Penn Central on April 25th. For details contact Midwest Steam Railfan's Asso., P.O. Box 4920, Chicago, Ill. 60680. Who can tell me future plans for GTW 4-8-4 No. 6233, stored unserviceable since 1965 in Detroit roundhouse?

Good news for McCloud River steam fans in California! The 2-6-2 No. 25 is now being reflued, and she is expected to be operable by June. One of the two Yreka Western 2-8-2's may go to a new tourist line in Oregon. Both 2-8-2's are operable.

Granger Taylor of Duncan, B.C., Canada, has made operable No. 2, the smallest and oldest Climax locomotive extant. The 1910 geared steamer, weighing 23 tons, has been sitting in the woods on Vancouver Island since 1927 when Cameron Logging Co. abandoned her. She cost only $200 to restore. (I'm now restoring my streamlined standard-gage 4-6-4 and wonder how Granger could make No. 2 operable for so little money.) So says John B. Corns, 1614 Ambler S.W., North Canton, Ohio 44709.

Former Denver & Rio Grande Western 2-8-2 No. 483 has operated in Chama, N.M., with her new owner lettered on her tender, Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad.

A Cooke-built 0-4-0T may be bought from Roy Keely, Jr., Rte. 1, Box 427-A, Theodore, Ala. 36582. Roy has just restored this 20-ton 1917 saddletanker and will sell to someone who will operate her. Also on the used car lot: Quakertown & Eastern wants to sell its ex-BC&G No. 4 for $25,000. She is fully operable and has 4 years left on her ICC license. Contact Francis H. S. Ede, Jr., c/o Ede Motor Co., 1321 W. Broad St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951.

Pennsylvania Power & Light Co. recently donated its Porter 0-6-0 fireless cooker No. 4093 to the Carbon County Tourist Promotion Agency. We hope she can be placed somewhere near old No. 7 at the former Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co. office near the Edgemont section of Lansford, Pa. That office is the proposed site of the Panther Valley Coal Museum. There is talk of eventually starting a short train ride with the engine.

Florida's Gold Coast Railroad is thinking about retubing its ex-FEC 4-6-2 No. 113 for operation, replacing sister engine No. 153 which is due for shopping this year.

Ex-St. John's Plantation No. 1, an 0-4-4T, is now being rebuilt by the famous locomotive restorer Arthur La Salle for use on a 3-foot gage line in Nashville, Tenn. Guess who the major shareholder is: Johnny Cash!

Like myself, many readers are waiting for news about that American-built 4-8-4 now in Tri-County Fairgrounds, Altamont, N.Y. The Nacionales de Mexico's Niagara No. 3028 finally has hope of being operated by her new owners, the Great North Eastern Railroad Foundation. Alco has donated its Dynamometer test car 4 to the group, which in turn may sell it to Montreal Locomotive Works for about $35,000. This tidy sum would then go into the fund for repairs necessary to make 3028 operable in the U.S.

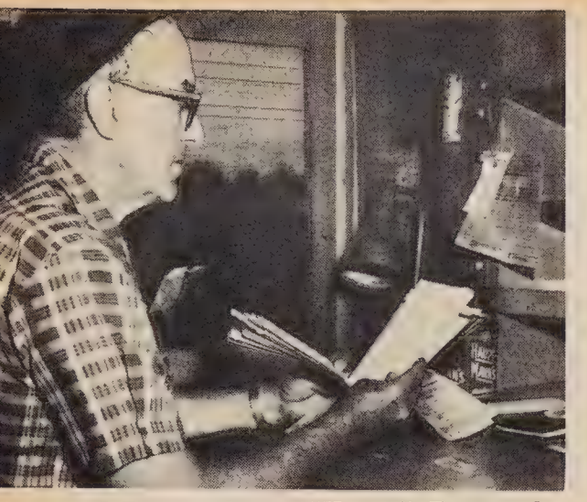
Congratulations to GNER for solving the biggest problems that all we locomotive owners must face—getting sufficient funds! I remember seeing No. 3028 in regular service marching 50 cars out of Valle de Mexico yard in Mexico City in 1965. She looked great coming into camera range, even with black oil smoke trailing back over the train. GNER, please keep me posted on further developments. We all want to see your big 4-8-4 running in New York State. ●

Dear to the hearts of railfans, Nickel Plate 2-8-4 No. 759 is getting cinders shoveled out of her smokebox before departing from Binghamton with a High Iron special. She had come in from Hoboken over the Erie Lackawanna.

Richard Allen, 14 Ethel St., M.R. 99, Binghamton, N.Y. 13905

TONNAGE TRAP

by William T. Church



MoPac conductor "Happy" East works on waybills in caboose of train 69.
Collection of Wm. T. Church

WITH the coming of the diesel locomotive and the demise of steam, the whole concept of hill railroading changed. On the Missouri Pacific, for example, the Missouri Division grades no longer pose the serious problems they once did.

On this division the largest and newest of the MoPac's steam fleet, often double-shotted, used to thunder up and down backbreaking grades. Black smoke shot skyward while pounding drivers shook the granite hills as they dug in on well-sanded rails. Sometimes a conductor's pencil would slip, and the iron monster would stall on a hillside because of too much tonnage, tying up the railroad and bringing down the wrath of brass collars on the heads of the luckless crew.

But today, class SD-30's in tandem, with enginemen smartly clad, growl and groan up these grades, with one train pulling more tonnage than three consists carried in steam days, thus challenging tonnage and gravity to an everlasting duel. The other day revisiting the old division while at De Soto Missouri, I chatted with Jim Cadwalander. Jim was running the St. Louis-to-Bismarck local which has been a turnaround run since the coming of the diesel. We talked about railroading, of course, and the old steam era.

"What's your tonnage out of here?" I wanted to know.

"All you can put between the engine and caboose," he replied. "These diesels"—nodding in the direction of three GP-9's tied onto a mile of hopper cars, "can walk over the hills between here and Bismarck as if they were handling a caboose hop."

"Not like the old days," I sighed. "When I was a young conductor running this local, 1750 was the tonnage rating with a 1300 class engine."

"Yeah," Jim agreed, "and you had to dodge tonnage traps at that time."

Tonnage traps! That term opened a floodgate of memories to me. When I was on the extra board of the Missouri Division I fell into a tonnage trap. "Chick" Hemphill, the regularly assigned skipper on the St. Louis layover of trains 95 and 96, was taking a vacation and I replaced him. Those trains constituted the local way freight between St. Louis and Bismarck, then a one-way trip, and you always had to fill out the engine rating when you picked up at Mineral Point.

For motive power that day we were assigned a 1300 class Mike of light U.S. Railroad Administration design, small but fast. Ideal for local way freight and easy on coal and water. She could handle her tonnage with little trouble. But to make sure she could always pull us over the hills, I acquired the practice of stealing a little tonnage, a sin committed by conductors who boosted the weight of their trains a few hundred tons, on paper. This not only enabled your engine to make the grades but also satisfied the dispatcher, who insisted that a train fill out to the engine's rating.

But sooner or later tonnage stealing catches up on you. Mine came to a head one gray, blustery, winter afternoon on the southbound trip. We had picked up additional tonnage at Mineral Point. According to the figures I gave the dispatcher at Poplar Bluff, we had filled out to the engine's rating. But actually I figured that we were a couple hundred tons under that figure. In filling out, I had used my paper tons instead of the southbound loads that we left in the house track.

Anyone familiar with Mineral Point knows that out of it the railroad runs into a steep grade. It was not a long pull but a hard tough grind, and from a standing start with a tonnage train, a 1300 class engine had all she could wiggle with.

My hogger, genial John White, a veteran of fifty years in the cab, was raring to go. Talking it over while he tested the air, we had decided to go to Summit, the passing track atop the grade, for the northbound passenger, No. 4. After that, we'd proceed to XD-Irondale, the passing track at the foot of the other side of the hill, and do our station work while clearing the southbound varnish, No. 25.

Fireman Clarence Huff, generally known as "Windy," had our little Mike sizzling hot, ready for the assault on Summit. John blasted off at my signal and soon the Missouri hills were shaking from the bark of the 1300's stack. Feeling rather proud of myself because I had pulled the trick of stealing a few hundred tons, I sat down at the battered old desk in the crummy to work up my delay and wheel reports. Flagman Johnny Moran noisily stoked the caboose stove. Then he climbed up to his cupola seat to relax and watch the train.

While studying my wheel report, I learned a startling and dismal fact. I was way over my tonnage! Delving still further into the figures, I tried to banish my fears; but the more I checked, the more certain I became that I had made a mistake.

"Man, Oh man, have I fouled up!" I groaned under my breath. "How in the hell did I ever do this?"

At length, by working over my past setouts and pickups, I found my error. I had subtracted the tonnage set out at Cadet, not once but twice; so instead of stealing a couple hundred tons I had actually overloaded the 1300! As I slumped down at the desk, a sinking feeling came over me. If we doubled the hill, there would be the devil to pay.

Not only did the prospect of laying out trains 4 and 25 worry me but I was also bugged by the fact that the crew could claim an additional day's pay for doubling because we had more than the engine's tonnage rating. The super at Poplar Bluff would really raise hell about that.

"Woe is me!" I moaned softly. Then I climbed to the doghouse and explained the situation to Johnny. He had been studying the sky, where ominous dark clouds gave threat of rain

"Maybe we can make it okay if we don't get a slick rail," he said hopefully.

"Thanks, pal. That's all we need right now, a wet rail, to tie up this pike as tight as a drum."

Before we had gone a train-length past the north switch, the excess tonnage began to tell on us. Our speed dropped to a slow trot. Barks from the stack became spaced further apart, black smoke shot high in the air; and to make matters worse, small raindrops were pecking at the cupola windows.

Long before we reached halfway to Summit we were getting on No. 4's time.

Sweat ran off my face. "Boy, oh boy!" I wailed. "What a mess!"

"We are sticking No. 4 at Summit but good," Johnny said glumly. "I wonder what the old man will say about this."

I didn't have to reply. We both knew what trainmaster Jim Gregg would say. I could already hear the dressing down he'd give me. The block signal at the north end of Summit would hold No. 4 there, so I wasn't worried about a head-on collision. But 4 and 25 were meeting at Cadet. We were laying out two trains, not merely one, and running on the time of both!

However, our luck held. There's an old saying "The devil takes care of his own." Just one slip and we would have stalled. But John's skill at the throttle told the tale. By using plenty of sand and working the Johnson bar with an expert loving touch, he kept the little Mike on her feet, and she walked her train up the hill.

We trundled onward. The approach signal to Summit showed yellow. No. 4 was stopped by red at the switch and couldn't move until its conductor called the dispatcher at Poplar Bluff, who would tell him what was going on.

After what seemed like eternity, John blasted for the station board at Summit. The porter on No. 4, Roscoe Walker, had the gate open for us, and our hogger eased us into the clear. George Dean and "Pop" Sickles, the flagman and skipper on No. 4, shook their heads in disgust as we dragged our train by them.

We had stuck No. 4 more than fifteen minutes, and No. 25 was cooling its wheels in the passing track at Cadet waiting for it. If my guess was correct, the dispatcher at Poplar Bluff was pulling his hair and referring to us in terms he'd never learned at Sunday school.

By all rights, we should have stayed at Summit, cleared No. 25 there, and then gone downhill behind it and done our station work at XD-Irondale. But Fate decreed otherwise. The section foreman at Summit was putting in new ties at the south switch. In response to a signal from John to open the switch, he lined us out on the main, and we rolled out of town.

I let John proceed, realizing that he might delay No. 25 before we got very far. It was too late to pull the air on him, anyhow.

"We'll lay out 25 by heading in at XD-Irondale," Jimmy Moran told me. "You highball John on the approach there, and we'll run town and go to Bismarck," I said. "Maybe we can clear there without laying out 25. Besides, at this speed he couldn't stop at XD-Irondale even if he wanted to."

Before we had traveled a train-length on the main track, we were making passenger speed. John White gave the Mike her head and turned her loose. Down through Hopewell we rambled, roaring through the rock cut and across the iron bridge at Big River. John called for signals at the mileboard at XD-Irondale.

"Ball him!" I yelled over to Moran, and in response to the flagman's signal he blasted off.

Billy Martin, the agent at XD-Irondale, was standing on the station platform as we dashed by and gave us the mile-a-minute signal. Aware that we were running on 25's time, he didn't expect us to stop and do his chores that day.

Glancing over my shoulder, I noticed that the signal at the north end of XD-Irondale went green after we were out of the circuit. This gave me a bit of encouragement, for it indicated that No. 25 wasn't out of Hopewell yet. But we soon lost the speed we had gained on our wild ride down Hopewell. The tonnage and the five-mile hill began to tell on us. As the grade became steeper, the train weight dragged us down.

Here again John White showed his skill as a hogger by working the Mike with all of his fifty years of know-how. Her staccato reports became measured beats as the hogger dropped her down. The gallant little girl held her feet. John worked her on sand, and she nimbly climbed the grade into Bismarck without a slip.

We were down to ten miles per hour when John blasted for the road crossing at Guggenburger's farm, with only a few more train-lengths to go. Then the signal went red at Bismarck. Someone had lined up the switch for us there. That, at least, was good news.

John called for a signal from a figure standing beside the switch. In reply he got a wild highball. P. C. Friend, the Bismarck agent, acting on Billy Martin's information, had the iron open for us. Over the switch we went at a mild trot; and we were halfway in the yard when train 25 hit the block behind us and turned it yellow.

By the time our train was at rest in the yard, No. 25 was blowing for Guggenburger's. I glanced at my open-faced watch. We had beat 25's time from Summit to Bismarck, which was quite a record for an old 1300 with excess tonnage. I dropped off of the caboose in front of the depot. As I had expected, there stood Jim Gregg, the trainmaster.

"Billy," he called out, "don't you know better than to run on a passenger train's time?"

"Yes, sir," I replied calmly.

"Then why did you do it?"

I squirmed and twisted, trying to think up a good story. As garrulous as I am sometimes, I was lost for words. But the bell saved me, to quote an aphorism. No. 25, with Lee Day at her throttle, had just popped around the curve north of the freight house and was blowing for town. As he hit that level tangent in front of the depot and raced for the coal chute, the talk from the stack of his big 4-8-4, No. 2210, dominated the countryside, drowning out Mr. Gregg's verbal assault on my ability as a conductor. The trainmaster hailed A. F. Mothershead, the skipper on No. 25 and local chairman of the Order of Railway Conductors, who passed by us on his way to the telegraph office to pick up orders.

"Ab," he called out, "you'd better talk to this young cub, or you'll be spending some Sunday in my office while I am taking him apart for one of his damn fool stunts."

"Sure thing, boss," said Ab, winking at me; and then he went on to the office.

Suddenly remembering that he had a score to settle with the flagman on No. 25, Mr. Gregg left me and made his way to the rear end of No. 25, where Bob Cloud was standing with his red flag. From the gestures of the trainmaster's hands, I gathered that another hand-shaking was in progress.

Over the dinner table that night John White and I had a little chat. "Son," said my old hogger, biting his cigar, "Just how much tonnage did we have out of the Point this afternoon?"

"Too much," I admitted weakly. Then I explained how I had subtracted the setout at Cadet twice and thus killed my paper tons.

John smiled. "Kid, I suppose you'll be a little more careful when you figure tonnage in the future. Well, at least I found out two things today."

"Two things?" I repeated.

"Yes. Just what a 1300 will pull over Summit and how fast you will run downhill from Hopewell."

"Well," I said, "I am going to sign up for a course in arithmetic. These tonnage traps are too much for me."

TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

by Jim Edmonston

A HOME for old diesels? That's what George Gabritsch, 125 Homecrest Blvd., Chesapeake, Va. 23324, has in mind. Aiming to build an operating tourist road through part of the picturesque Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia, he needs vintage diesels to power it. First he seeks an A-B-A set of Alco PA's, the big passenger models we featured a couple of months back, having tried in vain to buy such units off the scrap line of Pielet Bros., Argo, Illinois. George went to Argo with cash in hand, but they wouldn't sell. Those ex-Santa Fe PA's at Argo very likely got the torch before Christmas. That reportedly leaves Delaware & Hudson's four A units (Nos. 16-19) as the only ones left.

A depressing letter from John Nelson, 5 Edgewood Dr., Syosset, N.Y. 11791, says D&H is retiring its PA's in favor of displaced E-8's from the Erie Lackawanna. Since Norfolk & Western owns D&H and EL, this move might have been foreseen. According to John, EL E-8's are now pulling both the *Montreal Limited* and the *Laurentian*, or did so recently, and the PA's are suspended. So you'd better hurry, George! If you can't get an A-B-A set, at least try for an A unit.

Maybe a lone PA or two, sitting on some weed-grown dead track or in a scrapper's dismal lot, has been stricken from some active roster and been forgotten. Anyone knowing of such units should contact George Gabritsch. What has been done with the PB units that the Rio Grande used as heater cars after trading in their A units? Does EL still have a PA on its property? Besides D&H, Erie Lackawanna was the last user of such units, although it had PA's in freight service.

Our Locomotive of the Month is the Baldwin "babyface" 1500-hp road-freighter, predecessor of the "sharknose" units we featured last month. These model DR-4-4-15's, produced in the 1947-'8 period, had an EMD-like "bulldog" nose, noticeably lower than the roof line. The resulting two-stage drop from the roof yielded a very different-looking nose, although I can't quite fathom the nickname "babyface."

The Jersey Central, Missouri Pacific, and New York Central owned this style unit. Twenty-two A's and 11 B's were built, as follows: A units: CNJ 70-79; MP 201A-208A; NYC 3800-3803, B units; CNJ K, L, M, R, S; Missouri Pacific 201B-204B; NYC 3700-3701. These were B-B units powered by the Baldwin 608SC engine, a turbo-charged De La Vergne, producing 1500 hp at a churning 625 rpm. They were not popular—possibly excepting of those on the Jersey Central, which owned the most and operated them over the longest period of time. The radical babyface fell into oblivion, to be confused with early EMD's, and thus nearly lost their place in diesel annals. Some photos survive.

According to Karl Burg, 54 Gordon St., Brantford, Ont., Canada, he has located in his area a very rare, one-of-a-kind loco from Montreal Loco Works (Alco), meaning CP Rail 8921 (ex-CP 7007), an RSD 17, 2400-hp road-switcher built in 1957 as the Canadian version of Alco's DL-600B road-switcher and marketed in the U.S. The *Diesel Spotter's Guide* lists RSD-17 as a former RSD-15M, the same model applied to the DL-600B. The M usually stands for modified or rebuilt and probably refers to Canadan modifications. This loco is working transfers of 75 to 100 cars in the Toronto area. Formerly a MLW demonstrator, it ran on Pacific Great Eastern as No. 624, then on Canadian National as 3899, and is now CP Rail.

Both Harold Buckley, Jr., of Silver Spring, Md., and Darrell Sherrod, of Kokomo, Ind., add C&O-B&O to our list (Jan. '71) of roads operating five different makes of diesels. Darrell mentions ATSF and says that externally Penn Central uses six makes, counting the two re-engined Lima-Hamilton road-switchers working in Philadelphia. He disputes N&W's claim to Baldwins, as all four ex-Nickel Plate AS16 road-switchers have been re-engined, two by Alco and two by EMD. He says Norfolk & Western's F-M fleet is second only to Southern Pacific's.

CP Rail is added to the five-builders category by Frank Klock, Jr., of Solvay, N.Y., who states CPR has locos of many types from EMD, GMD (Canadian subsidiary of EM), Montreal Loco Works (Canadian Alco), Alco itself, and Canadian Locomotive Co. (Canadian F-M).

Now listen to Mike Raymond, 696 W. 7th St., Upland, Calif., 91786, Diesel Loco Committee chairman of the Santa Fe Modelers Assn. He champions Santa Fe as operating power from Alco, EMD, F-M, Baldwin, and GE, pointing out that the old Alco HH-660s are still functioning in Los Angeles, which is rare. I can think of two other common carriers still using these: Mt. Hood Ry. (ex-UP) and Penn Central (one ex-NH unit). Anybody know of more?

A Santa Fe telegrapher named Charles Cox, 3511 June St., San Bernardino, Calif. 92405, says Texas is the best spot to see old ATSF Baldwins. Three models are still extant around Cleburne Shops, where they are being rebuilt. Two Santa Fe GE 44-tonners work the Sommerville (Texas) tie-treating plant.

Some time ago Robert Johnson, of Puyallup, Wash., asked about roads owning F-45's. Here's the tally: F-45's: Santa Fe, 40 units; Great Northern (now BN), 26 units. FP-45's: Santa Fe, 9 units; Milw., 5 units. The Milwaukee is repainting its FP-45's into

Photograph by Jim Edmonston

BLW "babyface" DR-4-4-15, rebuilt with EMD power in '56, is shown at Cincinnati, Ohio, in '59.

Photograph by Elmer Treloar

Ahnapee & Western growler, a General Electric 70-tonner (1952), sits forlorn at Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. The shortline is being abandoned.

DR-4-4-15 under the old coaling dock at Jersey City, N.J., in 1955. This was a popular unit with the Jersey Central.
Collection of Jim Edmonston

freight orange, has regeared them to freight speeds, and has removed the steam generators, making them in effect F-45's. Naturally, the difference in the units is the presence of steam heat equipment for passenger use.

"Southern Pacific has returned SD-45X's 4201 and 9500-9502 to EMD for de-bugging," writes Richard Sievers, of Glendale, Calif. The demo 4201 was on loan but while being tested blew its turbocharger, as did SP 9500. These items cost $3000 each. SP is very unhappy about turbo-chargers. I classify them SD-45X. Dick calls them SD-55, which they probably will be, but until the EMD catalog comes out in June they are officially SD-45X.

Hol Wagner's *Intermountain News*, the newsletter of NRHS Intermountain Chapter, P.O. Box 5181, Denver, Colo. 80217, reported EMD 4201 testing on the Union Pacific in October, evidently before SP got it. Hol notes that UP's huge Alco C-855's are stored and not expected to run again. And D. S. Neuhart has retired as UP's superintendent of motive power. We shall miss him.

Send your diesel news and comments to my home at 792 Farnham Court, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. ●

David Hanna, 21 Echenay, Lorraine, Oue., Canada

It's not easy to identify a loco when it's covered with so much snow. The train at Windsor Station, Montreal, is CP Rail's *Atlantic Limited*, just in from St. John, N.B. Lead engine is an RS-10S.

Started in 1873, cable cars have been popular with San Franciscans ever since.

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by Albert Herskovits

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE CABLE CAR, by W. W. Hanscom, compiled and edited by Walt Wheelock, hard cover, 121 pages, 5½x9″, drawings, Socio-Technical Books, $10.

Much of the material for this book was taken from the *Mining and Scientific Press,* which ran many articles on engineering problems involved in cable car construction in the 19th Century. Description focuses on switching problems, grips, cables, driving gear, etc., concentrating for most of the book on the San Francisco system. The latter part of the introduction is an amusing account of how San Francisco's cable cars became the chief issue in a mayoral campaign in the late 1940's. The incumbent wanted to abolish them and the good people of San Francisco voted him out of office. The book is nicely printed but, in our opinion, overpriced.

THE RAILWAYS OF CANADA, soft cover, 213 pages, 5¼x8½″, tables, Coles Publishing Co. Ltd., $2.50.

An exact reprint (including advertisements) of an 1871 work describing

Picture of a pleased

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Aug. 2, 1969: Morris County Central 2-8-0 No. 385 takes water on Morristown & Erie track at Whippany, N.J.
Photograph by Tom Kelcee

every railway in Canada at that time—a sort of condensed early *Poor's Manual*. Included are the names of big railroads at the time such as the Grand Trunk, Intercolonial, and Great Western, with history and finances of each.

"WILDCATTING" ON THE MOUNTAIN, by Benjamin Kline Jr., soft cover, 64 pages, 8½x11", photos, maps, 3-page roster, Benjamin Kline Jr., P.O. Box 46, Strasburg, Pa. 17579, $2.50.

Second in the series of Pennsylvania logging roads, this is a carefully researched and well-anecdoted work covering such lumber roads as the Whitmer-Steel Co., Laurelton Lumber Co., White Deer & Valley RR., and South River Lumber Co. Paper is coated, and the photos, many of them rare turn-of-the-century views, are reproduced excellently. (Not sold by our Book Service).

GHOST LUMBER TOWNS OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA, by Thomas Taber III, soft cover, 80 pages, 8½x11", photos, maps, roster, Thomas Taber III, 504 S. Main St., Muncy, Pa. 17756, $2.50.

Laquin, Pa., once had 110 homes, a baseball field, a church, a schoolhouse, a hotel, and a big lumber mill. Today, no one lives there. This booklet on logging roads (third in the series) describes several such towns in the central Pennsylvania region. Photographs are sharp, considering that many were taken 60 or 70 years ago. There is plenty here for Climax and Shay fans with many general views of lumber operations. Old houses and depots are included. One photo shows the first graduating class of six seniors from Laquin High School in 1909 (in 1970, five of them were still living).

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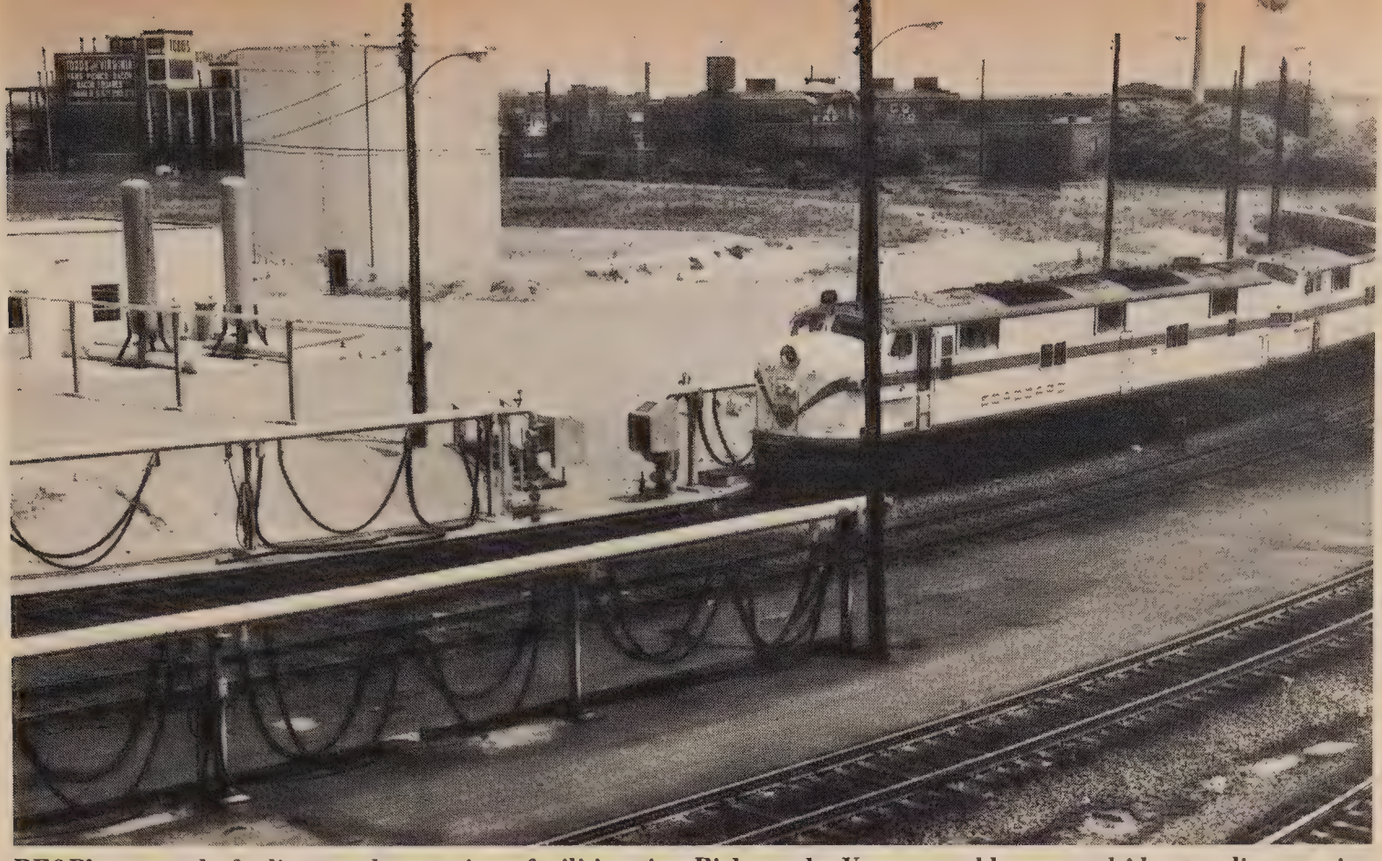


RF&P's central fueling and watering facilities in Richmond, Va., resemble a roadside gasoline station.
Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHORTLINES OF VIRGINIA

Locomotive roster compiled by Sy Reich

Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arrangement	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Carolina & Northwestern Railway								
1-4	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	56,500	226,000	1948	1
5-8	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	59,250	237,000	1950	2
9	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,750	247,000	1951	2
10	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	61,000	244,000	1953	
11	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	60,750	243,000	1956	
2253, 2257-2258	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	61,000	243,990	1947	3
2266, 2272	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	60,790	243,170	1958	3
2338-2339	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	63,104	252,417	1970	
2743-2744	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	60,811	23,245	1969	
4394	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	60,490	241,950	1949	3
4395	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	60,830	243,340	1949	3
Chesapeake Western Railway								
10-11	1000	Alco Pr.	T6	B-B	60,000	239,950	1959	4
661-663	660	BW	DS 4-4-660	B-B	50,000	200,000	1946	5
Clinchfield Railroad								
200	1500	GM-EMD	FP7A	B-B	60,510	242,730	1952	
250	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1950	6
350-355	1200	GM-EMD	SW7	B-B	61,067	244,268	1950	
800-805	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	60,130	240,530	1948-9	7, 11
806-814	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	60,130	240,530	1951	7
815-820	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	60,130	240,530	1952	
821	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1949	8
822	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	59,500	238,000	1950	9
823	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	57,500	230,000	1951	10
850-852	1500	GM-EMD	F3B	B-B	60,180	240,730	1948-9	11
853	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	60,180	240,730	1949	
854-860	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	60,180	240,730	1951	12, 13
861-863	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	60,180	240,730	1952	13
864-868	1750	GM-EMD	F9B	B-B	60,180	240,730	1955	
869	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	61,250	245,000	1950	14
900-911	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,345	241,379	1950	
912-916	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,345	241,379	1952	16
917-918	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	60,345	241,379	1956	
919	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	62,075	248,300	1950	15
2000-2009	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	?	?	1967	
3000-3007	3000	GM-EMD	SD40	C-C	?	?	1966	
3008	3000	GM-EMD	SD40	C-C	?	?	1968	16
3009-3014	3000	GM-EMD	SD40	C-C	?	?	1969	
Interstate Railroad								
30-36	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	60,500	242,000	1953	
37	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	60,500	242,000	1952	17
38-39	1600	Alco Pr.	RS-3	B-B	60,500	242,000	1956	
2330-2331	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	63,454	253,817	1967	
Norfolk & Portsmouth Belt Line Railroad								
101-105	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	62,000	248,000	1955-6	
106-115	1200	GM-EMD	SW1200	B-B	62,000	248,000	1956	
Norfolk, Franklin & Danville Railway								
1-2	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-36	B-B	61,465	245,860	1962	
201-204	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	61,200	244,800	1956	18

Notes on Virginia Shortlines

These rosters are based on data from NT's vice pres., N&W's gen. mgr. of motive power and equipment, N&PB's pres. and gen. mgr., L&N's public relations associate, Virginia Scrap Iron & Metal Co., CW's vice pres. and gen. mgr., VBR's gen. supt., Asarco Mexicana's supt., Seminole Rock Products, Dravo's supervisor of news services, C&O's gen. mgr. of news div., Striegel Supply & Equipment, W&W's pres., David J. Joseph Co., Illinois Terminal's chief mech. officer, and Steelton & Highspire's vice pres. and supt. They are accurate as of second quarter, 1970.

For the purpose of our rosters, a shortline is defined as a common carrier listed in either the *Official Guide* or the *Pocket List of Railroad Officials*, or both, with a route length less than 400 miles.

Locomotive builders: Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; Alco Pr., Alco Products; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; GE, General Electric Co.

(1) C&NW 1-4 were scrapped.

(2) C&NW 5-9 no longer on roster.

(3) C&NW 2253, 2257-2258, 2266, 2272, 4394-4395 were originally Southern 2253, 2257-2258, 2266, 2272, 4394-4395; then C&NW 2253, 2257-2258, 2266, 2272, 4394-4395.

(4) CW 10-11 were originally Norfolk & Western 40-41, then CW 10-11 (7/63, 10/64).

(5) CW 661-663 were sold to Virginia Scrap Iron & Metal. CW 661 was scrapped. CW 662-663 are still in their possession.

(6) Clinchfield 250 was originally Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis 919, then Louisville & Nashville 1919, then L&N 723 (2nd), then Clinchfield 250 (2/69).

(7) Clinchfield 805-806 were rebuilt to F9A's.

(8) Clincheld 821 was originally NC&SL 814, then L&N 1814, then Clinchfield 821 (1/65).

(9) Clinchfield 822 was originally NC&SL 822, then L&N 1822, then Clinchfield 822 (2/65).

(10) Clinchfield 823 was originally L&N 914, then Clinchfield 823 (1/65).

(11) Clinchfield 800-805, 850-852 were rebuilt to F7's.

(12) Clinchfield 856, 859-860 were traded to GM-EMD in 1969.

(13) Clinchfield 857, 861-862 were retired.

(14) Clinchfield 869 was originally NC&SL 918, then L&N 1918, then Clinchfield 869.

(15) Clinchfield 919 was originally NC&SL 753, then L&N 1753, then Clinchfield 919.

(16) Clinchfield 916 was traded for Clinchfield 3038.

(17) Interstate 37 was originally Alco-GE demonstrator 1607, then Interstate 37. No longer on roster.

(18) NF&D 201-204 were originally New York, Chicago & St. Louis 558, 560-562, then N&W 2558, 2560-2562, then NF&D 201-204.

(19) RT 50 was sold to RF&P, renumbered 50; then sold to th Canton (5/56), renumbered 26, then sold to Jersey Contracting Corp. (8/11/63).

(20) RF&P 51 was sold to RT; renumbered 51; then sold to David R. Joseph (12/64) and scrapped.

(21) RF&P 53 was scrapped (12/16/66).

(22) RF&P 54, 56-57 were sold to Atlantic Coast

Norfolk Terminal Railway *(owns no locomotives)*

Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad

1-8	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	?	?	1967	
50	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	49,850	199,400	1940	19
51-52	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1942	20
53-54	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1943	21, 22
55	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1944	
56	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1944	22
57	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1944	22
58	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1946	24
59	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1946	24
60-61	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1946	24
62-71	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1948	24, 29
81-85	1200	GM-EML	SW1200	B-B	64,275	257,099	1965	
91	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	63,595	254,380	1966	
101	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,186	252,384	1950	
102	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,186	252,384	1950	
103-104	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,186	252,384	1953	
111-118	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	66,758	267,033	1965	25
121-127	3000	GM-EMD	GP40	B-B	?	?	1966	
131-138	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	66,758	267,033	1965	25
1001-1005	2250	GM-EMD	E8A	A1A-A1A	54,513	333,850	1949	
1006-1011	2250	GM-EMD	E8A	A1A-A1A	54,513	333,850	1952	
1012-1015	2250	GM-EMD	E8A	A1A-A1A	54,513	333,850	1953	
1051-1055	2250	GM-EMD	E8B	A1A-A1A	52,149	320,750	1949	26
1101-1108	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,161	230,153	1949	27
1109-1110	1500	GM-EMD	F7A	B-B	56,161	230,153	1950	
1111	1500	GM-EMD	F5A	B-B	56,161	230,153	1948	28
1151-1158	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	57,007	233,179	1949	27
1159-1160	1500	GM-EMD	F7B	B-B	57,007	233,179	1950	27
1201-1203	1500	GM-EMD	FP7A	B-B	61,133	257,357	1950	

Richmond Terminal Railway

1	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	?	?	1944	30
50	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	49,850	199,400	1940	19
51	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1942	20

Virginia Blue Ridge Railway

10-12	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	49,025	195,100	1940	31

Virginia Central Railway

200	250	Plymouth	WLG	C	17,500	70,000	1936	32
500	175	Plymouth	WE	B	15,000	60,000	1930	33

Washington & Old Dominion Railway *(abandoned)*

47	380	GE	44 ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1941	34
48-49	380	GE	44 ton	B-B	22,000	88,000	1942	35
55	675	Whitcomb	75 ton	B-B	37,500	150,000	1950	36
56	600	GE	70 ton	B-B	41,280	137,600	1951	37
57	600	GE	70 ton	B-B	41,280	137,600	1956	37
58	400	GE	44 ton	B-B	22,137	88,550	1948	38

Winchester & Western Railroad

8411	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	49,500	198,000	1940	39

Chesapeake Western freight unit 663.

Line (5/66), renumbered ACL-44-46; then renumbered Seaboard Coast Line 98, 96-97.

(23) ACL 44 was re-engined with EMD 1200-hp diesel.

(24) RF&P 59, 61, 63, 67, were sold to Steelton & Highspire (1969), renumbered 62, 61, 63, 60. RF&P 60 was sold to the South Buffalo, used for spare parts.

(25) RF&P 111-118 were renumbered RF&P 131-138 (1969).

(26) RF&P 1051-1055 were traded to GM-EMD (6/65) for new power. RF&P 1052-1053 were sold by GM-EMD to ACL, renumbered 765-766; then renumbered SCL 670B-671B.

(27) RF&P 1101, 1105, 1157, 1159 were sold to Striegel Supply & Equip. (12/65), then to Precision Engnrg. (6/25/66). 1157, 1159, were sold to Illinois Terminal, renumbered IT 1157, 1159; then renumbered 11 1507-1509, then traded to GM-EMD for new power (1969). 1101, 1105 were sold to L&N, renumbered 864, 657 (2nd). Soon afterward those two were traded to GM-EMD (12/63) for nw power. RF&P 1102-1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, were traded to GM-EMD (11/66) for new power.

(28) RF&P 1111 was originally Aberdeen & Rockfish 201, then RF&P 1111. Sold to David J. Joseph (12/31/63) and scrapped.

(29) RF&P 66 was sold to Agrico, renumbered 12.

(30) RT 1 was scrapped (1965).

(31) VBR 10-12 were originally Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 430, 427, 432; then Erie Lackawanna 352, 349, 354; then VBR 10-12.

(32) VC 200 was originally National Malleable & Steel Casting (no number), then VC 200.

(33) VC 500 was originally U.S. War Dept. (Aberdeen Proving Grounds) 1, then U.S. Army 7305, then VC 500.

(34) W&OD 47 was sold to Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville, renumbered 30; then sold to Cargill Supply & Equipment.

(35) W&OD 48 was sold to American Smelting & Refining (1948), renumbered 102. Company is now known as Asarco Mexicano, S.A.; unit is still numbered 102. W&OD49 was sold to Wm. A. Smith Contracting Co. (1951), then to Middle Fork RR. (1963), renumbered 2, then to Seminole Rock Products, no number.

(36) W&OD 55 was sold to Striegel Supply & Equipment, thn to Dravo Corp., renum. 442.012.

(37) W&OD 56-57 were sold to SS&E, are still in their possession.

(38) W&OD 58 was originally Pennsylvania RR. 9332, then SS&E 9332, then W&OD 58, then sold to Birmingham Rail & Locomotive Co.

(39) W&W 8411 was originally Baltimore & Ohio 211, then B&O 8411 (1957), then W&W 8411 (1964). ●

Unidentified station agent hands up train orders to the engineer pulling a freight train somewhere in Maine. Possibly the other woman is his wife.

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

Locomotive Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt.	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
Ja	10-11	2000	GM-EMD	E7A	A1A-A1A	51,830	319,700	1949	1
Ka	20-23	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	60,620	245,800	1949	2
K-1a	30-34	660	GE	Y	B-B	49,000	196,000	1936	3
Ha	40-43	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	57,050	233,700	1947	4
Hb	44-45	1500	GE-EMD	F3A	B-B	56,490	231,475	1948	4
Hc	46-47	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	58,050	241,065	1948	4
Ha booster	600B-601B	1500	GM-EMD	F3B	B-B	55,345	226,500	1947	5
Hb booster	602B	1500	GM-EMD	F3B	B-B	54,940	224,900	1948	5
Hc booster	603B	1500	GM-EMD	F3B	B-B	54,660	223,800	1948	5
Ia	50	1500	GM-EMD	BL2	B-B	60,164	246,065	1949	6
Ib	51	1500	GM-EMD	BL2	B-B	54,472	226,405	1949	6
Ia	52-55	1500	GM-EMD	BL2	B-B	60,164	246,065	1949	6
Ib	56	1500	GM-EMD	BL2	B-B	54,472	226,405	1949	6
Ia	57	1500	GM-EMD	BL2	B-B	60,164	246,065	1949	6
La	60-71	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,289	246,424	1950	7
Lb	72-75	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	60,986	250,640	1954	
L-1a	76-80	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	62,040	260,090	1966	
Ma	81-82	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	62,990	264,180	1967	
Mb	83-85	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	63,000	264,210	1967	
Mc	86-88	2000	GM-EMD	GP38	B-B	60,806	250,113	1952	7

Roster is based on data from BAR's Chief Mechanical Officer, GM-EMD's Publication Section, Republic Steel's Supt. Transportation, PB&NE's Master Mechanic, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is accurate as of August 31, 1970. Builders: GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; GE, General Electric Co.

(1) 10-11 were originally 700-701, renumbered 10-11. 10-11 were rebuilt for freight service with tractive effort, of 53,950 lbs.; weight, 322,500 lbs. They were traded to GM-EMD for new power (3/23/67, 4/20/67); scrapped.

(2) 20-23 were originally 800-803, renumbered 20-23. 20-21 were sold to Philadelphia, Bethlehem & New England, renumbered 26, 28 (2nd) (9/1/70, 8/1/70). 22-23 were sold to Pan American Engineering (4/20/67, 11/30/67), then to Republic Steel Corp., renumbered 906-907 (4/67, 11/67).

(3) 30-34 were originally New York, New Haven & Hartford 0901-9095, then BAR 30-34 (12/52). 30-34 were traded to GM-EMD for new BAR power (2/25/66, 3/11/67); scrapped. 31-33 were scrapped (9/5/57, 12/17/65, 5/4/60).

(4) 40-47 were originally 500A-507A, then renumbered 40-47. 41-43 were traded to GM-EMD (11/18/67, 11/24/67); scrapped.

(5) 600B-603B were sold to Pennsylvania Railroad, renumbered 9530-B-9536B even (1952). They were traded to GM-EMD for new PRR power (1962).

(6) 50-57 were originally 550-557, then renumbered 50-57.

(7) 60-75 were originally 560-575, then renumbered 60-75. ●

Major work on an amusement park monorail, the Magic Mountain 'Metro', has been completed. Three trains of six cars each, traveling at 12 mph., will carry 2,400 visitors an hour through the park, located at Valencia, Calif. One station, in a tunnel, was designed to look like a Parisian subway station.

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

A MODIFIED version of Westinghouse Electric's Skybus has been rejected by Baltimore's Metropolitan Transit Authority, which decided, instead, upon a conventional steel wheel rapid transit vehicle for the area's $1.7 billion mass transit system, according to Jim Cerny, Pittsburgh, Pa., and the National Assn. of Railroad Passengers, 417 New Jersey Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

The board's adoption of the railroad-type car means that Baltimore rapid transit will be compatible with Washington's $2.3 billion transit system currently under construction. The latter's 98-mile network runs east into two Maryland counties, and officials of both cities are hoping that Baltimore's 71-mile system will someday be coordinated with it.

At about the same time, in Pittsburgh, Skybus opponents began gearing up for a hoped-for referendum battle, says Joseph Vranich, executive director of NARP, who writes:

"Four state representatives have said they plan to introduce legislation in the Pennsylvania General Assembly to permit a referendum in Allegheny County on the Skybus project. The legislators committed themselves to this action after meeting with two anti-Skybus groups who had bussed 100 of their members to Harrisburg.

"Skybus critics lay the blame for Pittsburgh's transit mess squarely on the PAT board of directors and call for the resignation of William L. Henry, PAT's board chairman, charging existence of a conflict of interest. Henry is a sales executive with Gulf Oil Co., the supplier of Port Authority diesel fuels and lubricants. During his two-year tenure, he has been quite vocal in advocating extended use of diesel buses in Pittsburgh.

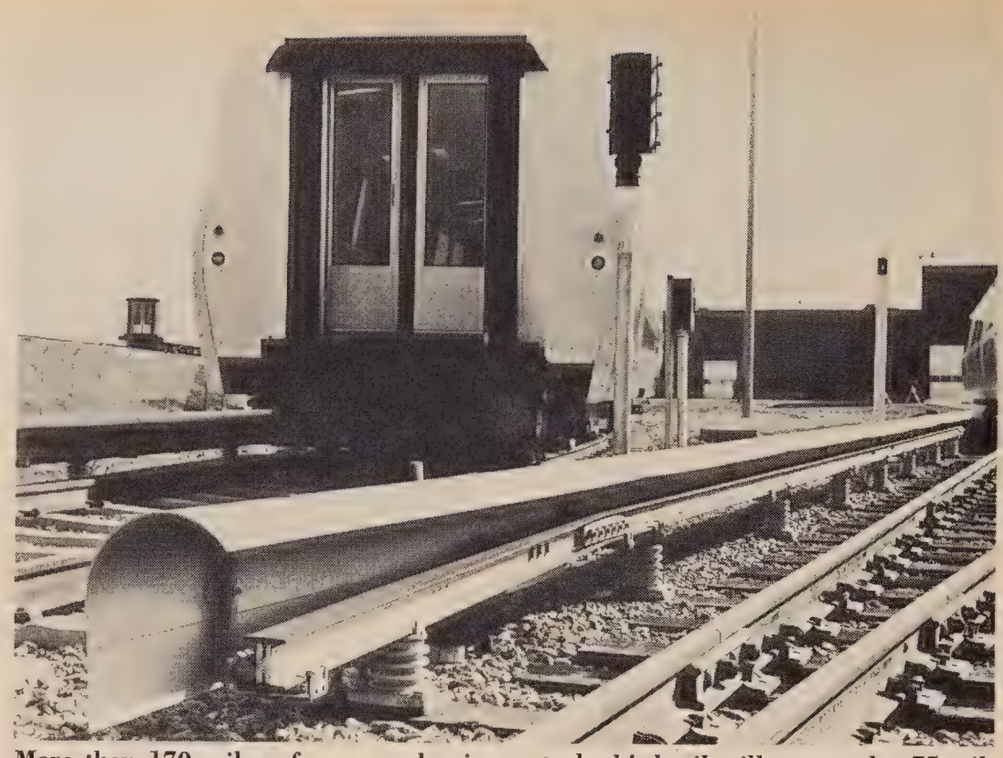
"Last August, Governor Shafer appointed George Jernstedt to the advisory committee of the Pennsylvania Dept. of Transportation. He is the engineer at Westinghouse Electric whose job it is to promote Skybus.

"Such appointments have inflamed already strong anti-PAT feelings. Many suburbanites wonder what chance a comprehensive transit plan

has when the PAT board and Penna. Dept. of Transportation are so highway- and Skybus-oriented. As one critic said: 'Staunch Skybus supporters and majority County Commissioners are about to learn an 8th-grade civics lesson: that government and all its agencies—such as PAT—derive their power from the people. When that power is abused, when they hinder freedom of expression and choice, then it's time to kick them out. A referendum should put to rest . . . alibis and conjectures regarding the future of Allegheny County transit plans."

PHILADELPHIA has received a Federal DOT grant of nearly $1.9 million to help modernize six of the city's subway stations. This will cover two-thirds of the three-year, $2.8 million project, with local contributions covering the other third. Included in the improvement project will be the complete modernization of two subway stations, wall and ceiling rehabilitation in three others, and new lighting, along with closed-circuit television surveillance at all six stations on the Broad Street and Ridge Avenue lines.

Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe, who announced the grant, said: "Riders will benefit from fewer accidents in dark areas, less crime, more efficient facilities, and lower transportation costs." The stations involved are Fairmount, Girard, Columbia, Susquehanna-Dauphin, and two Spring Garden stations.



More than 170 miles of a new, aluminum-steel, third-rail will power the 75-mile San Francisco BART, the newest mass transport system in U.S. The good conductivity of aluminum made it possible to reduce size and weight of new rail over conventional third-rail. (Made by Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp.)

SAO PAULO, Brazil's largest city, with 5.3 million population, is building the first new subway in South America in 50 years. Much equipment for the line will come from firms in the United States. Sao Paulo had a streetcar system until three years ago, when it was converted to buses. The subway, scheduled for completion around 1980, will eventually have 800 self-propelled rapid transit cars operating over four lines totaling 41 miles.

The system's first stage is a 16-mile north-south route with 198 cars. Con-

Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

Nostalgic-looking PCC's state from vicinity of car barn late at night in El Paso in 1964. Exposure, 20 seconds at f/11.

The Berea, Ohio, station, shown at left as it was long ago, has been moved by Trolleyville, U.S.A., to Olmstead Falls, Ohio (right). In front of station is Columbia Park & Southwestern No. 36, an ex-Chicago, Aurora & Elgin interurban.
Photographs by Stephen D. Maguire

tracts for equipment in excess of $3 million have already been awarded to Freios e Sinais do Brasil, S.A., a Westinghouse Air Brake Co. Brazilian subsidiary. (WABCO is one of several American and Brazilian members of a consortium which won the contract in competition with consortia from France, Germany, Italy, and Japan.) Westinghouse Air Brake equipment for the cars will include the company's solid state electronic RT-5 braking system (used on Penn Central's *Metroliners*), and something known as "P-Wire system." This allows for infinitely variable acceleration and deceleration by the train's operator.

THE COMMITTEE assigned by Illinois Central to consider smoking on the new cars has decided there will be *no* smoking aboard the doubledeckers. Biggest reason for this was housekeeping problems smoking creates. Also, committee members said they could not bear the thought of a cigarette burn on one of those new gold or orange vinyl seats.

So, IC's policy of permitting smoking in the northmost cars of trains made up of old cars will continue. Smoking aboard IC trains will be phased out gradually, gently, by the steady introduction of new equipment into the fleet over the next two years. The vote to ban smoking on the new cars was unanimous.

OHIO RAILWAY MUSEUM now has its own Railway Post Office hand stamp for use on mail delivered to its RPO car, formerly Pennsy mail car 6510. While we do not know how official the use is from the Post Office Department, mail from the car does bear the new stamp. Readers desiring an RPO postcard from the ORM's series of 12 trolley views can get one by sending 15¢ to the museum at P.O. Box 171, Worthington, Ohio 43085. Newest card is a color view of ex-Columbus, Delaware & Marion Ry. 501, a photo of which appeared in this department in Feb. '71.

TWO ELECTRIC locomotives of the Hutchinson & Northern in Kansas have found new homes, writes Paul Chitwood, 501 William St., Hutchinson, Kan. 67501. Last year, diesels replaced electrics on this short freight line, the only electric freight road left in the state. No. 3, a serviceable Baldwin-Westinghouse motor, was bought by the Iowa Terminal R.R. at Mason City and will be added to the locos

To save time, send *Transit Topics* mail directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

Robert R. Gordon, 334 Kennerly Rd., Springfield, Pa. 19064

SEPTA Red Arrow Brilliner No. 1 heads into Springfield Rd. from Woodlawn Ave., Alden, Pa., in April, 1970.

The private parlor car-snowplow of Boston Elevated Railway president, shown at Bartlett St. Shops in 1900.
Collection of Kevin Farrell

now in use between Mason City and Clear Lake. Fire in 1969 destroyed ITR's shops and several pieces of equipment, almost bringing a decision to dieselize the line. A new shop was built on the site of the burned one at Emery (just outside Mason City) and two other electric locos have been obtained and placed in service.

H&N's other electric, No. 1, is a real museum piece, a 35-ton motor said to have been built in 1920 by General Electric. Donated to the Orange Empire Trolley Museum at Perris, Calif., it is being shipped there by flatcar. OETM is asking for donations to defray loading and shipping costs of $1,200. Contact OETM, P.O. Box 548, Perris, Calif. 92370.

BAY AREA Rapid Transit (BART) has been forced to approve a $7.4 million rise in costs of the new rapid transit line it is building in the San Francisco area, reports Charles Tidwell of San Francisco.

According to our figuring, this will put the total cost of the BART line up from the original figure of $179 million to well over $200 million. Almost all of the increases, including this latest rise, are due to delays in the project's construction timetable and rising prices. The project's biggest remaining engineering hurdle, according to a report submitted with the request for a cost increase, is the upper Market Municipal Railway subway.

Early trackwork in August, 1968, by members of the Baltimore Streetcar Museum.
Photograph by Mike Farrell

New Electric Publications

Cincinnati Streetcars No. 4: Milcreek Valley Lines, **by R.M. Wagner and Roy J. Wright, 40 pages, 8½x11″, staple binding, $3.25 from Wagner Car Co., 59 Euclid Ave., Wyoming, Ohio 45215. It is not generally known that the Cincinnati Traction Co., which operated many city trolleys, also once ran an interurban line north into Hamilton, Ohio, paralleling Ohio Electric Ry. tracks. This line's history is traced, from horsecars through control by Cincinnati Inclined Plane Ry., purchase by Milcreek Valley St. RR., to the final days under the Cincinnati Traction Co., and abandonment in 1931. Many photos of old equipment and later interurban cars are included. One interesting item gives details of a court decision in which the Cincinnati streetcar lines were finally required to operate with double trolleys—something they continued to do until abandonment.**

Transit Boston 1850-1970, **30 pages of illustrations, 11x8½″, stapled binding, $2.50 from Boston Street Railway Assn., P.O. Box 102, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. This is a set of 30 views of Boston transit vehicles from stagecoach days to the present—all exceptional photos, well produced. One amazing shot shows the private 4-wheeled *parlor car*—snowplow of Boston Elevated Ry.'s President Bancroft, with plush seats inside and a deck at the front from which he could personally view snow removal!**

Montana's Trolleys—III, **by Ira L. Swett, 168 pages 8½x11″, soft cover, $5. from the author, 8438 Mountain View Ave., South Gate, Calif. 90280. Last of a three-volume series covering the history of trolleys in Montana, this book describes lines in Billings, Bozeman, Great Falls, and Missoula, plus Milwaukee Road electric operations. The last-mentioned includes several reprinted articles from the *Electric Railway Journal* and *Electric Traction*. Very little has ever been published on the four trolley lines in this book; all were small systems and the Bozeman line had a single interurban, the only one of its type in Montana. Also, there are 9 pages on battery cars—these in connection with the Billings battery car line. Included are an article on a battery car m.u. train, and several pages of discussion, with illustrations, by Felix E. Reifshneider.**

Hongkong Tramways, **by R.L.P. Atkinson and A.K. Williams, a 96-page history, is available from Light Railway Transport League, 35 Montholme Rd., London S.W. 11, England, at $5 (40 shillings).**

SKELETON CREW

by E. S. Dellinger

A BRAND new juice locomotive was snaking a mile of freight cars westward through the northern Rockies. Harry Wardlow, the division's young electrical expert, sat at the controls. In his capacity as traveling engineer, he was out to test the E-1301 on her maiden trip over the Copper Mountain run.

Harry had taken the controls from his twin brother Dave an hour before. Ruddy-faced and sandy-haired, Dave had unceremoniously yanked their kid brother, Jack, out of the brakeman's seat and was now watching a cloud with pink lightning shimmering over the Continental Divide.

Neither of the twins had spoken a word since they left Twin Branch, fifty miles to the east. In fact, they had spoken very little to each other since the State Legislature, with Harry in it, had defeated the full crew bill.

So far, this run was going nicely. Harry held the big electric jack to a humming thirty-mile clip on the easy grade leading into Willoughby, where the steel bends sharply up to cross the Divide.

From the moment Dave had stretched the couplers pulling out of Twin Branch, the air pumps had hammered persistently. Although the sound seldom ceased, the needle on the train-line gage hovered around seventy.

These facts carried an ominous threat. They told him that somewhere in the mile of pipes which carried braking force to his trailing cars were couplings leaking air. Unless the leaks were hunted out and stopped, his run might end in disaster.

He called the brakeman out of the gangway to inquire about the consist of their train. Young Jack Wardlow, like other trainmen on the Copper Mountain, was resentful because he had to work an overgrown train with only two brakemen instead of the four which the full crew law would have alotted them.

He answered shortly: "A crummy and ninety-nine ancient pieces of rolling junk listed as gravel cars."

"Did you and your buddy look 'em over before you left Twin Branch?"

"We did."

"Find any leaks?"

"Ten thousand little hisses. Not one spilling air enough to fill a toy balloon."

Harry asked about the brake test. Jack evaded his questions. Railroadmen, like doctors, learn early in the game not to condemn the work of their fellows. But after much wheedling, Harry elicited some revealing bits of information.

The cars had stood idle on a gravel spur all summer. That morning, the yard force pulled them into town, made them into a train, and consigned them to another gravel spur for winter storage. Because they had been out of service, the inspector, Johnny Gould, had intended to test them thoroughly; but time did not permit. The yardmaster had ordered him to give them a quick once-over and get onto a merchandise train rolling in from the east.

The traveling engineer knew what this meant. In Twin Branch, officials, yard men, and some road runners had tacitly agreed that with dynamic brakes helping to hold trains on descending grades, the full test specified by their book of rules was a waste of time.

Inspectors, instead of walking a train twice and checking each car for set and release of brake, walked it once. They disregarded short and long piston travel, or no piston travel. If a cylinder had air in it, the inspector called it good. If it was dead, he cut out the brake, put a bad order card on it, and sent it out of town.

HAVING GIVEN a train this perfunctory inspection, the car toad left a note on the conductor's desk, warning him to be sure the air came through to the waycar. Then he hurried away on another job.

Harry and other engineers had protested vigorously against these quickie

tests. They warned that unless the procedure was changed, they were heading for disaster. Protest had gone unheeded. Brass collars had ordered forces cut to save dollars. Local officials had cut. Such was the sandhouse version.

Effects of their cut were showing on this train. It had been sent out with a train-line leaking like a sieve. Harry decided to stop it and make a thorough brake test before going over the pass. So he called Dave across the cab and broke the news to him.

Dave hit the roof. "The only way you can test brakes on a hundred-car train," he raved, "is to head into a sidetrack and test it there. One rule requires the hind brakeman to go back flagging when his train stops on the main line. Another tells the conductor to station a brakeman on the last car when it stops on a grade. Still another directs him and his two brakemen to make the test. That's too damn many jobs for a skeleton crew."

Harry's ruddy face flushed angrily.

"Don't blow your top because you're pulling a train with a skeleton crew. It's not the first one you've pulled, and it won't be the last. Tonight we're going to test these brakes at Willoughby."

"Why Willoughby?"

"Timecard says test them there."

"Baloney! Except when an official's been snooping around, there's not been a brake test run at Willoughby since these juice jacks come on the job. It's a lot of hooey anyhow. If the air goes through to your caboose when you've coupled your train, your brakes will work."

"Even so, we're going to run a test on this train when we head in at Willoughby for Number 6 and we'll set out every car with a bum brake."

"Then you'll set 'em all out."

"Okay, we'll set 'em all out. I won't ride over this mountain with no air in my train-line."

But they made no brake test at Willoughby. They never did make a brake test on that train. When Harry sighted the lights of Willoughby, the order board was set against him and the operator was signalling him up the main line for a helping order. He answered the signal, rolled through the east switch, and picked up the order running by.

It read: *Number 6 eng E-1066 wait at Hillside until 12:45 A.M. for exa west eng E-1301.*

Harry looked at his watch. He had time to make the meet with Number 6 at Hillside if he went without testing brakes. Momentarily forgetting that there is sometimes more danger in taking a train up a mountain with a leaking train-line than there is in taking it down, he decided to pass up the test at Willoughby, go on to the top of the hill, and make it at Summit before he started down.

Since Willoughby was at the foot of the long hard pull leading up to Red Gap Pass, a helper engine was cut in here to lift tonnage trains to the top of the divide and let them down into Copper City.

Hillside was a telegraph office, a passing track and a short spur five miles to the west. Their job now was to get the helper engine into the train and move on to Hillside. Harry called Dave to the controls. He dropped off to look the train over as it ran by, hoping that while couplings were stretched, he might find a *big* leak. He heard air hissing faintly from every car, but that was all.

Forty cars ran by and stopped. Conductor Bear came up from the rear, but said nothing about low pressure in the waycar or leaks in the train-line. He had come to take on the helper engine.

This helper engine was an electric job in charge of Engineer Davidson, a nervous old runner who had been exiled to the hill because he could not be trusted to wheel the fast ones. Bear cut him in 35 cars behind the road engine, leaving most of the train below.

Harry understood why the con had cut him in here instead of behind the middle of the train as conductors usually did. They had left terminal with an order to take siding at Hillside and meet a stock train there. Now they had a new order which sent them there to meet a passenger train, following the stock drag down the hill.

Hillside passing track was short. It held only 70 cars. If they tried to put 100 into it, 30 of them would stick out onto the main line and block it. The only way they could meet two trains there was to make a double saw movement.

In making this manoeuver trainmen must signal movements from head to rear. The track above the west switch ran through a deep curving cut. Two men can talk with lanterns on that kind of track on not more than 35 cars. The conductor cut the second engine in behind 35 so that its crew could pick up signals from the head end and relay them to the rear.

Bear told each of his men where he should be and what to do while the double saw was being made. His instructions were specific. No accident should occur, unless equipment failed or men forgot. Every crew man indicated that he understood. They were ready to go.

CONDUCTOR and traveling engineer walked in silence to the engine. As the train pulled away from Willoughby, Harry left Dave at the controls. The purpose of his trip was accomplished; he had convinced himself that the 1301, first of her series, was able to do her job and ready to take her place wheeling freight through the mountains.

But discord had taken the joy out of his job. The men were solidly against him. They blamed *him* because they had to work with skeleton crews.

Railroad votes had elected him to the State Legislature the previous fall, and the men behind the votes had expected him to drive a full crew law through for them. But the bill had failed of passage. Since Harry had been called to the position of traveling engineer shortly after the session ended, every man on the job from his father down to the youngest fireman assumed that he had sold out his friends to gain promotion for himself.

He was painfully aware that unless he could square himself with the men, he'd soon be rawhided off the division. He thought the best way to break the spell was to work through his father. Before he arrived at Hillside, he had determined to make one more effort to convince the old runner that there was no connection between his promotion and the full crew law. Tonight was his chance.

Old Tom Wardlow was nearing the end of a long railroad career. For half a century he had been pulling throttle on the trains of the GL&P. Wheeling hotshots over the Mountain Division was a strenuous task for a man of 74. Hours were not long, but the strain was intense. A few months before, he had thrown up his passenger run and taken a turn in helper service, intending to remain with it until he had rounded out 50 years in the cab.

Helper engines were not handled on this juice road as they were on steam pikes. There the hill engine lifted its tonnage to the top of the mountain, turns on a wye, and goes back to the foot of the hill to help somebody else. The helper engine was kept in the train both uphill and down, for the sake of the regenerative braking power of the electric loco.

On a juice road, as you know, current generated in a powerhouse is fed

through wires to traction motors to pull tonnage uphill. At the top of the rise, the engineer reverses his current and changes his motors into generators. The power to turn these generators is created by the pull of gravity on the descending train.

But on this particular road more than one-fifth of the power required to lift an ascending train up a hill was recovered during its descent and fed back into the catenary to help lift other trains up the mountain.

Regenerative braking was one alibi for slipshod methods of brake testing on the Copper Mountain Division. At speeds between 15 and 25 miles an hour, the regenerative force exerted by two locos kept an ordinary freight train under control. Air brakes were used for stopping in an emergency.

Dave pulled the drag up to Hillside. The stock train was waiting for them on the main. Its crew had lined the switches for the passing track and a brakeman was highballing them on through.

Harry knew that his father was in charge of the helper engine cut into the middle of the train. He dropped off the 1301 even with it, and then swung briskly into his father's cab.

His sudden appearance there startled the old runner, who frowned with beetling gray brows.

"What in hell are you doin' here?" he asked. "Did you come to show me how to run an engine down a mountain?"

"No, Dad." Harry's voice was tense. "I'm not here to show you anything. You taught me most of the things I know about engines. I was riding this new E-1301 over the hill, so I dropped in to talk with you before you pull out."

"There's nothing for us to talk about so far as I know, unless you've come alive to the fact that the boys intend to rawhide you off this railroad, and you feel like you need your old man's help."

"You're a mind reader, Dad. That *is* what I came to talk about."

"Save your breath, Harry. That's exactly what they're going to do, and I'm not trying to stop them. You sold out your friends for a measly little job as traveling engineer."

"I didn't sell anybody out, Dad. I've told you that before. Your full crew bill was dead before I introduced it."

"The railroad lobby was there to defeat it. They had what it takes. I knew it the first week I was there, but I kept working for it until the final vote."

Harry watched the gleam in the fading blue eyes. He thought he had won his point, but he hadn't time to find out. He started down the gangway.

THE DRAG of empties had cleared the lower switch. The stock train's engineer had called in his flag. A white light was rising and falling on the rear end. The stock train began to roll.

Storm clouds had now cut away the last star. An oppressive stillness hovered over the mountain. Harry stood between the tracks and watched the slatted cars roll by.

Brakeman Ellers, obeying conductor Bear's instructions, was setting handbrakes on the rear to hold the slack when engineer Davidson backed down the main. As soon as the red tail lights of the stock train cleared the switch, he hurried back, threw it for the main, and was now signaling Davidson to come on out.

So far, the conductor's plan for the Hillside saw was working perfectly. It was engineer Davidson who made the fatal blunder. Out on the curve, Jack had pulled the pin ahead of his engine, cutting the train into two parts, Davidson had cut in his brake valve and taken control of the air on his 65 cars hanging down the hill.

Old Davidson was nervous. Train No. 6 was past due. He knew his braking pressure was low—far too low for safety. He should have taken time to pump it up to 70 pounds. Instead he set his cars in motion, backing down through the passing track so that Dave Wardlow could back the head end into it and clear the main for the passenger train.

Harry walked beside the moving cars, intending to return to his own engine before the storm broke. The empties kept rolling by him, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Davidson was trying to hold them with engine brakes; but 65 cars rolling down a 1.6 grade was too much weight even for the brakes of a juice jack. By the time the engine passed Harry, the cars were rambling.

A moment later he heard the hiss of air in the cab and saw faint sparks flying from the car wheels. The speed of cars decreased slowly; but they kept rolling until even the engine was out on the main below the east switch.

Jack Wardlow had ridden the head cut into the passing track. He came down to join Harry on the station platform.

"What's the matter with that old dried-up bastard? He almost let that train get away from him on the hill."

The traveling engineer frowned and started down the track. Jack followed, and they boarded the helper engine.

Davidson was frozen to his seat. He was a wiry little man turned seventy. His eyes were big and his chin quivered as he wiped his face with a bandanna.

Harry looked at the air gage. The train-line pressure stood at 40 pounds. He surmised that the old runner had sloughed off ten when he set the air.

"Fifty pounds of air," he said severely, "is not enough to control a train on this mountain, Mr. Davidson."

"It almost wasn't this time, Mr. Wardlow," the old man mumbled. "That's the nearest I've ever come to lettin' a train get away from me . . ."

Harry was tempted then to take the controls; but he had been cautioned when he had first been spotted as official timber, never to relieve a man who had been in a near accident.

"Don't ever do it," his father had warned. "If a man pulls a boner and catches himself in time to cover up, stay away and let him pull himself out."

So Harry left Davidson at the controls. The air pumps were slowly raising train-line pressure. It had been down to 40. When he left the cab it was 45. He called up from the bottom step:

"Don't try to start your train too soon, Mr. Davidson. Your hind man has brakes set on the rear end. Give him time to release them before you move."

Davidson said he understood. Harry looked up at the ceiling of black velvet, lit at brief intervals by sheet lightning. Thunder boomed. Not a breath of air was stirring.

"Wind?" Jack suggested.

"Wind and sand and maybe water. When that cloud turns loose, I'd like to be where I'm going to stay for a while."

They started walking rapidly toward the telegraph office and the big engine beyond it. Number 6 was then whistling on the curve. Conductor Bear was piloting her in between the switches, there to wait until he got his rear end out of her way.

Davidson must have heard the whistle, for he answered with two short blasts. Far down the grade, down near the tail lights, a white light signalled ahead. The engineer cut in his motors.

Wise to the language of the rails, Harry read every sound. Davidson turned on the juice, but the 65 empties

did not move. Stuck brakes were holding them. He shifted controls and fed in more current. A splintering sound echoed through the still night. Seconds later, the locomotive siren sent out the three blasts of a broke-in-two.

"He's pulled a drawbar out," the traveling hoghead muttered grimly.

"We'll stab the roundtopped cars till daylight," the young shack griped.

"It won't look good for the traveling hoghead," Harry chuckled. "But we can't help it. Skeleton crews, you know. One inspector in a yard where two are needed. Two brakemen on a train where there should be four. Let's go back and see what's happened."

AS THEY neared the engine, lightning swept across the sky. Davidson was in his cab window, shaking his head and wiping his face with the bandanna. The two men strode on by. Ten cars below, they found the draft rigging from the rear end of a decrepit gravel car cluttering up the railroad. Working together they rolled it off the track.

Jack thought he ought to take the cripple up and set it on the spur track.

"Not yet, kid," his brother counseled. "We gotta go high and set binders on this drag to hold it till we get rid of the wreck and couple the engine on. Forty pounds of air won't hold them."

Harry's estimate of time was long. When he went up the ladder of the first car, the cut was creeping slowly backward. He was not uneasy then. A few good brakes on front and rear would stop the creep and crawl.

Hand to hand and knee to knee, the brothers worked the wheel. While they worked, the inky night was broken by a thunderous roar. Then came wind, with dust riding on its wings. In the blinding, choking clouds they felt the chain come tight, heard brake beams rattling. Harry kicked the dog in place to hold it set, and both let go of the wheel. It spun like a top. The dog had failed to hold. This brake was useless. The wheels rolled free.

Stifled by dust and hampered by wind, they scurried along the dump car and clambered to the next one. The cars were rapidly gaining speed. Sixty-mile wind rushed down from the mountain tops. Each high car end became a sail to catch the blast and run before it.

Jack caught the brake wheel and spun it. Harry grabbed it when he turned it loose and gave it another whirl. It, too, was a phony. Some kid must have swiped its chain to sell for junk.

Both running, they took off for the third car. Wind howled down the mountainside and the cars were rocking along at a dozen miles an hour. Harry was first on the next wheel. It tightened. They doubled on it, twisted until rolling wheels were almost skidding on the rails. It remained tight. Brake beams rattled under them.

The next two cars had good brakes. The men set them tight. The cars were rolling now, their wheels hitting track joints with an ominous *clackety-clack*. Both men were thinking fast in tempo with the battering force of the wind.

"Let's lope off this drag!" Jack yelled. "We couldn't stop it even if every brake was good!"

He scrambled toward a ladder. Harry shouted after him, "We can't let them go!"

"Why not?"

"Because that stock train's on the main below us."

"What of it? They'll head into the passing track at Willoughby."

"Not before these wild cars overtake them. This drag will really ramble with this blizzard on its tail. We'll ram them heading in."

Jack stayed. They both knew that the freight caboose was full of stockmen. But more important to them was old Tom Wardlow. Their father was on the helper engine. If the crew followed the usual procedure, they'd cut the helper out above the west passing track switch at Willoughby. Old Tom would let it roll down the main to clear the passing track switch. When the crew had coupled their train together, and pulled it into the clear he'd back up the main, head into the passing track behind the caboose, and follow it down to the crossover.

Unless its speed was checked, the runaway cut would ram either the stock train heading in or their father's engine backing up to head in behind it. Seconds saved by hand-brakes reducing speed might avert death. If the train could only clear ahead of it, the cars would roll through Willoughby and stop beyond.

Steadied by his brother's calmness, the young brakeman turned away from his chance for safety and helped to set brakes. Most of them were in bad order, but some were holding.

The stock train pulled down to the west switch at Willoughby. The head brakeman lined the switch for the passing track, let the head engine through, and stayed so he could cut the helper engine out and couple his train together.

While he was making the cut, and just after he had turned both anglecocks and broken the hose connections ahead of the helper, the siren of the head engine burst into piercing shrieks followed by a whistled highball, which it kept repeating.

This brakeman was new. He had no idea what the trouble was, nor what the signal required of him. Leaving the hose uncoupled, he started back to ask the grizzled engineer.

OLD TOM came out of his cab and hurried forward, shouting: "Couple up that hose and cut in your air! Willard wants us to keep this train together and pull it into clear."

Before the brakeman could obey his order, the Willoughby operator, hatless, coatless, and breathless, dashed up.

"Runaway!" he shouted from ten cars distance. "That drag's broke in two at Hillside! There's a runaway comin' like hell down the mountain."

The old engineer was thinking of stockmen in the waycar—men who'd be hit first in a collision.

"You hurry back there," he told the brakeman, "hurry back there and tell that conductor to get all the men out of his caboose, and tell him why."

"But I've got to couple—"

"Go on! Run! I'll couple it. You run back there faster than you've ever run in your life, and get those men off that rear end. They'll every one be killed."

Old Tom Wardlow moved with the alacrity of youth and with the precision of ripe experience. He coupled the air hose, cut in the air, and scrambled into his cab. His nervous team mate on the engine ahead was whistling off brakes, trying to start the train.

Wardlow cut in his own motors. The wheels refused to budge. Emergency brakes were holding them. He dared not use full power until they pumped off for fear of tearing his train in two.

Through fading eyes, the ancient hogger noted the silent voices of the railroad signals. He kept watching the block light a thousand feet west of the passing track switch. It had been green when he came into his cab. The runaway, that green light told him, was more than two miles away.

But before his own train moved, the signal changed from emerald to gold. The cars were now within two miles of him. He had his big gold watch in his hand; in 58 seconds, the signal's color changed from gold to crimson. The cars were now only a mile away!

A mile in 58 seconds—the derelict was making more than 60 miles an

hour, still gaining speed on the steep descent!

Engineer Wardlow's own train was moving now. His engine had curved through the switch into the passing track. It was barely crawling, but with both engines working, its speed increased. Up the main the old man saw sparks stream from wheels where brakes were holding. The runaway was rapidly closing the gap between them.

He called to his fireman: "That drag is fairly falling down the hill. Unless we clear the main line, it will ram us and smear this train all over the valley. You jump and run—keep running!"

"And you?"

"Not now, lad. I'll stay here till they hit us or go by. With both engines working, we might get 'em in the clear."

The young fireman hit the ground running. The engineer sat in his seat, holding his watch in a gloveless, bony hand. He was counting seconds—ten—twenty—thirty—forty-five— Within ten seconds the runaway should have smacked them in the rear. He snapped the watch case shut and put it in his pocket.

He kept looking back. Veiled in dust, the green gleam of his right marker showed. His caboose was coming through the turnout. In from the outer darkness of wind and storm, came two other lights, red lights—pale at first then growing brighter—the tail lights of the runaway backing down!

SECONDS more—he prayed for seconds! The green light disappeared. He thought the cars had struck them, snuffed them out. He waited for the crash to send his own train rolling to destruction. But no crash came; his train had cleared! The runaway cars had come between its green light and his line of vision.

His own train was safe in its sidetrack haven. Still peering west, he saw the two red lights racing on; and above the roar of the storm, he heard the thunder of the freight cars close behind. If the track east was clear, they'd ramble down the valley almost flat and roll to a stop.

Before the tail lights of the derelict had passed, he glanced eastward. Beyond the head end of his own train, beyond the station layout and the order board, almost hidden in the veil of dust, he saw a lone red light—the red light of an open switch.

One instant he was asking himself which switch and why. The next, his quick mind was answering his own question. Somewhere to the east, heading into the teeth of the wind, another train was coming. To avert collision and carnage, the dispatcher had ordered the runaway headed through the open stock track switch and into sure destruction.

The waycar was careening down the main line. Markers gleaming red, it hurtled by him. Just above it, ten cars or maybe twelve, a man with a white light was setting the handbrake on a gravel car. That would be brakeman Ellers riding into death!

Other cars fell by like a flood over a waterfall. Atop one of them was another white light—another brakeman. In a sudden burst of lightning, every detail of the scene stood out as clear as noonday—a brakeman and a man beside him without a lantern, tugging together on a brake-wheel. The old man's body tensed. His heart jumped into his throat and choked him. The man with the light would be his own boy, Jack.

The others? He remembered now that Harry had boarded his engine for a moment up at Hillside, and that he had gone away to ride the train of gravel cars. The man without the light would be his other son. With brakeman Ellers, they had stuck to the train, setting binders to hold it so he could clear the main. Now they were riding straight into the trap which Destiny had set for them. There seemed to be no escape.

The careening waycar hit the teeth of the open switch; it changed ends, shoved on by the gravel cars which tumbled after it, and piled up high above.

The sound of wreckage died away. The storm roared on. Old Tom Wardlow was oblivious to it. He left the shelter of his cab and ran along beside the cars of restless, lowing cattle. At the head engine, a fireman jumped out and grabbed him; but he broke away and ran on until a pile of debris blocked his path.

He wandered through the wreckage calling for his son; but his only answer was the whistle and roar of the blizzard wind. Others joined him in the search.

At daylight searchers found them beneath the wreckage of an ancient gravel car. Both were alive, both unconscious.

HARRY WARDLOW slept for many days. When he awoke, the first person he saw was a nurse. She came in bringing a humbled old hoghead to his bedside.

Harry's first feeling was one of puzzlement and doubt. His last conscious thought, as he had ridden a gravel car into the trap, was that he had hit his father's engine heading in. He kept watching the old runner, uncertain whether he was flesh or spirit.

He mumbled through the thickness of an unused tongue, "Didn't we hit—"

"No, you didn't hit us. We cleared you by a thousandth of a second. That drag would have smeared us all over the country if it hadn't been for the brakes you boys set on them old gravel cars."

"Then what did we hit?"

"You didn't hit anything. Dispatcher had you turned into the stock track to keep you from ramming an eastbound extra."

"And the kid?"

"Jack's all right. He lost some perfectly good hide that will soon grow back. He collected a knot on his head, but that's gone now. He's already back at work. And Ellers—Ellers didn't fare so good. He got a broken arm."

Two months after the wreck, Dave who was filling in for Harry while the traveling engineer was off, was instructed to ride No. E-1302, second of the series of new juice jacks, over the hill to check on her performance. Old Tom took him to work in the family car. On the way, they picked up Harry.

Of course, they went into the office. That's the first port of call for any railroad man who has been off his feet for a spell. While Dave was looking at the lineup of trains that night, Harry studied the bulletin book. A whole fistful of new sheets had been pasted into it since he had gone out on the train of gravel cars.

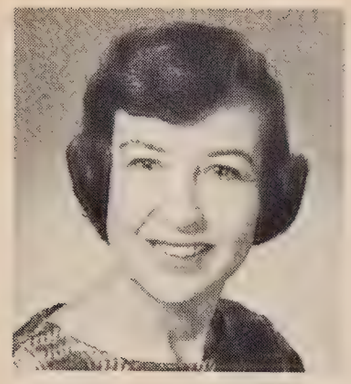
He read several of them. Their contents did not surprise him, when he recalled the inquisition in the hospital.

Dave finished checking through the night's dope sheet. He joined Old Tom and Harry at the counter.

Harry grinned triumphantly. "I see we're making complete brake tests in Twin Branch these days," he said. "Seems we're also testing brakes at Willoughby, Summit, and Silver Glenn."

"I'll say we are!" said his father. "And if you'll read on, you'll notice we're carrying three brakemen on all trains of more than forty cars over this mountain."

As they walked out to the car, Harry mused: "I've a hunch it will be a long, long time before another engineer is required to pull a mile of freight cars over this mountain with a skeleton crew."



INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***I've heard about abandoned subway tunnels in New York City. Where are they; can I visit them?***

Roger Arcara, New York transit expert, answers: "There are none, except a few very minor ones which have been blocked up. There are several abandoned subway *stations*, mostly on the IRT division of the N.Y.C. Transit System, all on lines still in use, except for one on the Independent Division. Numerous trunk-line railway stations have been closed down, but still exist, and even a trolley station. All are closed to the public. However, New York had many miles of elevated lines which have since been razed.

"The only abandoned subway routes I know of in the U.S are in Cincinnati, where one was partially built but never used, and in Rochester, N.Y., where a trolley subway was operated for a long time but was discarded about 20 years ago."

2 ***Which states collect the most from railroads in taxes?***

According to the Association of American Railroads, California is first. It collected over $33 million in taxes in the latest reportable year, 1968. Illinois was second with $30 million, followed by Ohio, $28 million; New York, $22 million; then Indiana, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Kansas. Alaska was last, with railroad tax receipts of only $68,456. These figures cover all classes of railroads.

3 ***What was the Big Four Route?***

This was the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway, incorporated in June, 1889, and taken over by the New York Central in 1923. It acquired its nickname, so the story goes, in the rush and bustle of a stockbroker's office. A broker, chalking up stock quotations on a blackboard, forgot the road's initials, so he wrote the words "Big Four" instead. Other brokers picked it up, then the public, and finally the railroad itself. Several CCC &StL equipment bonds were sold under the name Big Four Railway Co.

4 ***Please supply details about the Ashtabula, Ohio, wreck of 1876.***

This was one of the most disastrous wrecks ever to occur on an American railroad. It took place during a blizzard on Dec. 29, 1876, when the double-headed westbound Lake Shore & Michigan Southern *Pacific Express*, carrying 156 passengers and bound for Chicago, attempted to cross the Ashtabula Bridge. This Howe truss bridge had been built 11 years before and tested with the weight of six locomotives; nevertheless, the engineer of the lead engine, the *Socrates*, crossed slowly. Before he reached the western end, however, he felt the bridge settling down behind him. Immediately, he opened the throttle and crossed to safety; but suddenly the drawbar connecting the two engines snapped, and the second loco, the *Columbia*, was pulled down into the river by the weight of the 11 cars. The bridge had completely collapsed into the Ashtabula River 76 feet below!

No one knows just how many people died in the fatal crash. The figure is usually put at 80, but was probably much more. Ironically, another passenger train had crossed the bridge without mishap 25 minutes before. Later, the chief construction engineer of the LS&MS testified that the extreme cold had made the bridge's braces brittle and that these braces had been snapped by the earlier passenger train.

5 ***What can you tell me about New York Central's Hudson types?***

These 4-6-4's were designed in 1926 by the Central's motive power chief, Paul W. Kiefer, and built a year later by Alco. All told, there were 275: class J1, class J2A (originally built for the Boston & Albany), J3, and J3A, with many sub-classes. Ten of the J3A's were streamlined by Henry Dreyfuss. Because of the four-wheel trailing truck which supported a huge grate area in the firebox, they made superb passenger engines. Unfortunately, none of the Central's Hudsons has been preserved.

6 ***What were air hoses on steam locomotives made of?***

They were made of alternate layers of rubber and canvas. The hose had a coupling at each end so the brake piping could be connected between engines, tenders, and cars.

7 ***I have two lanterns marked C.D. & M. RR. and M.R.C. Co. What roads were they?***

CD&M may have been the Chicago, Decorah & Minnesota, later incorporated into the Rock Island system. MRC Co. was probably the Medix Run Coal Co., a shortline taken over by the Buffalo & Susquehanna, which in turn became part of Baltimore & Ohio.

8 ***History, please, of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Atlantic.***

Organized in 1904, this road was an amalgamation of the Waycross Air Line (later Atlantic & Birmingham), the Brunswick & Birmingham, and two other shortlines. Its founder was a dour-looking Atlanta financier named Harry M. Atkinson. Under his guidance, the AB&A, much of it built through rough Blue Ridge country, extended from Brunswick, Ga., to Birmingham, Ala., with branches to Thomasville and Atlanta, Ga. In 1909, just after the line was finished, it went into receivership. Then in 1926, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Lousville & Nashville saw an opportunity of lopping 40 miles off their schedules by using the AB&A instead of Central of Georgia trackage on through runs to Florida. Its name was changed in that year to the Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast. About 20 years later the ACL took over the AB&C as its Western Division.

9 ***What was the first railway in New Zealand?***

The 7-mile Christchurch-Lyttleton line on South Island, built in 1867. In the same year, a North Island route was opened between Auckland and Drury, 22 miles. Railway officials were far-sighted enough to require a single gage of 42 inches from the beginning, thus avoiding the gage problems that were to bedevil Australia until quite recently.

10 ***Would you print the amusing poem "Gandy Dancer's Lament"?***

Here it is, author unknown:

***20th Century Limited*, powered by an NYC Hudson, leaves Chicago on overcast day.**

It's not my job to run the train,
The whistle I can't blow;
It's not for me to say how far
The train is allowed to go.
I'm not allowed to blow off steam,
Nor even clang the bell,
But let the damn thing jump the track
And see who catches hell.

Running Extra

I know that the American Baptist Publication Society operated six chapel cars over U.S. railroads in the West from 1891 until about 1920, these cars being used for holding religious services in remote areas, distributing tracts, sponsoring the erection of wooden church edifices, etc. Were there any non-Baptist chapel cars?

Also, I have an old policy card, good for two days, issued by the Railway Passengers Assurance Co. of Hartford, Conn., guaranteeing to reimburse the holder if his train was delayed by mechanical difficulty, weather, etc. Small type on the back is very hard to read. Can any reader tell me details?—John H. Henel, 79 Fruehauf Ave., Snyder, N.Y. 14226.

We hear from a former rider of the Pelham trolley which served as a model for Fontaine Fox's Toonerville Trolley. Says John Hoffman, c/o Checkpoint, Inc., P.O. Box 4158, Clearwater, Fla. 33518: "It was fun to ride this line. The car would mosey down its single track with unhurried grace. Where the line joined the 'A' car (New Rochelle-IRT subway), the motorman would stop and look to see if an 'A' car was in sight. The 'A' cars were fast and urgently operated, and the trolley preferred to follow rather than lead. Once sure he was clear, our motorman would ease out onto the double trackage. The faint of heart could ride fully relaxed on the Toonerville."

The Pennsylvania 6-4-4-6 you mentioned in a recent issue which was at the 1939 New York World's Fair was not the heaviest engine ever built. That distinction goes to the Union Pacific 4-8-8-4's. The one at Steamtown USA weighs 600 tons. Incidentally, she cost $265,174.00 and saw service up to 1962.—Earl Allison, RD No. 6, Copper Rd., New Castle, Pa.

The reason for termination of the partially built road between Palmer, Mass., and Providence, R.I. (March dept.), was that its principal backer went down in the *Titanic* in 1912. His associates then decided to drop the project.—Jim Crimmins, 5 Bonnie Drive, Exeter, N.H. 03833.

What kind of steam locos were used between Auburn, N.Y., and Sayre, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley?—Neil Akins, Berkshire, N.Y. 13736.

With a friend, I have started working on a book about the Akron, Canton & Youngstown and its predecessor lines. We need info. and photos; we especially want anecdotes from old-timers. —Dr. H. Vaughn Smith. 3308 Kent Road. Box 627, Stow, Ohio.

Who can tell me about the Burlington's O5b 4-8-4, which I think was the most beautiful steam loco in history? Are there any Burlington fan clubs?—Mike McDonald, 706 Westknoll Drive, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

Does anyone have information on the train wreck at New Market, Tenn., which killed 56 persons on Sept. 24, 1904?—H.L. Patten Jr., 5117 W. Wood Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43212.

Does the Southern Pacific have a museum? Is there any museum that might be interested in an antique SP model train I own?—Raymond Febish, 194 Austin Ave., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

I am looking for a brief history of operations of the West India Fruit & Steamship Co.—John Abney, 212 East 14th St., Mission, Texas 78572.

Among these four block signals: color light, position light, color position, and searchlight, which is the most expensive to build and why?—Alan Murakami, 4811 Parkglen Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90043.

In what years did the Baltimore & Ohio use the word "Sentinel," and the phrase "siding to siding dependability" on their boxcars? When was this discontinued?—Henry W. Richards, 328 Chestnut St., New Britain, Conn. ●

Collection of J.H. Price, 48 Highland Court, Highland Rd., London S.E.19, England

Church railroad car on Trans-Siberian Railway is seen some time prior to 1914.

The Switch List

We list entries free but without a guarantee. Not over 25 words, including name and address. Use abbreviations: *tts.* (timetables), *emp. tts.* (employes timetables), *SSE* (send 6¢ stamped envelope, if in U.S., for list or details). Your entry will be printed in our first available issue. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

DICK ALLERMANN, 1522 W. 5 St., Ontario, Calif. 91762, sells dupl. color slides CA&E; buys CA&E tts., '51-'52.

C.L. ANDREWS, 5231 S.W. 38 St., West Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells pix stations, steam, diesel, cars of LV, RDG, CNJ, PRR, L&NE, etc. (Large SSE)

SCOTT ARDEN, 1260 Star Rte., Noti, Ore. 97461, sells, trades lanterns, date-nails, pencils, diner items, etc. (SSE)

VAN ARSDALE, Box 345, Edgewood, N.M. 87015, sells maps with dated routes and history of early rrs. (SSE)

ED BALES, 216 W. Main, Mulvane, Kan. 67110, buys, trades tie-date nails; buys CRI&P railroadiana.

LEROY BEAUJON, 16 Hickory Ave., Bergenfield, N.J. 07621, sells NYC, NYNH&H, Erie, DL&W, PRR, NYO&W tts., emp. tts., rulebks., etc. (SSE)

GARRY BENNETT, 201 Senter Valley, Irving, Texas 75060, buys pix, info., etc., of any trains entering St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas, Ft. Worth union depots.

AL BLOODWORTH, 4145 N. Irving St., Kingman, Ariz. 86401, buys n.g. caboose construction plans.

ELMER BOGDAN, 1873 E. 37 St., Lorain, Ohio 44055, will sell back issues Ry. Age '28-'32. (SSE)

G.J. BOLINSKY, 435 Alameda Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98466, wants to contact 35mm camera fans in Pt. Amherst, Charleston, Frank, Applegrove, Lewisburg, W.Va.

JOEL BOUCHER, 3031 4th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501, sells *Off. Ry. Equip. Registers* '62-'66, UP NB Div. emp. tt. of 6/69.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades anything FEC or predecessors, RPO cancellations, trolleyana.

HAL BROOKS, Jr., Star Rte., Box 3, Renovo, Pa. 17764, wants investors for proposed steam-powered tourist rr.

W.A. BROWN, 1224 Peninsula Dr., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018, buys emp. tts. of rrs. serving Chicago.

W.Y. BROWN, 1420 E. 55, Savannah, Ga. 31404, buys emp. tts. from northwest, south.

CYRIL BUTCHER, 8 Coyne, St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, sells Pere Marquette steam and diesel pix; list 10¢.

R.H. CALLAND, 324 E. Juneau Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53201, buys walk-over coach seats; gas, kerosene coach lamps.

LEON CALLAWAY, 3421 Gurnard Ave., San Pedro, Calif. 90732, will swap Trains Album 5 for Album 15. Trades UP, ATSF, SP Kodachrome slides for NP, GN.

CURT CARLOUGH, 229 Rea Ave. Ext., Hawthorne, N.J. 07506, buys NYS&W, DL&W, Erie, EL tts., emp. tts., emp. mags., etc.

GERRY CARSON, Box 13801, St. Louis, Mo. 63147, sells dupl. slides mainline action steam; list, sample 35¢.

BILLY CARTEE, Rte. 3 Box 392, Cullman, Ala. 35055, buys postcards of PRR 6-8-6 6200.

CECIL CHURCH, 216 Rideau Terr., Ottawa Ont., Canada, buys, trades orig. steam bldrs. pix, catalogs of Alco, Baldwin, Lima.

JOE CLEGG, RFD 4, Jacksonville, Ill. 62650, sells rr. watch fobs, rr. emblemmed sweat and T shirts. (SSE)

ED CONKLIN, 5 King Arthur's Ct., St. James, N.Y. 11780, sells keystone whistle posts, ACL headrests, rr. forms, railroadiana. (SSE)

CHAS. CONNIFF, 534 Witsell Rd., Jackson, Miss. 39206, sells pix steam, diesels; slides of diesels. (SSE)

BORDON CRANE, 3109 Markridge, Sarasota, Fla. 33581, will sell B&O 6¾" blue Lamberton plate, mint cond. 1927 ed. design showing Thomas Viaduct. (SSE)

STAN CREWS, 5745 Azalea Garden Rd., Norfolk, Va. 23518, sells dining-car menus, rail booklets, emp. tts., tkts., forms; each list (SSE)

L.P. CUMMINGS, 129 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pa. 17603, buys pix VGN 2-8-8-8-4, Erie 2-8-8-8-2.

JEFF DAMERST, 324 W. 4 St., Emporium, Pa. 15834, sells PC pix, color slides; PRR, NYC tr. orders; PC, PRR books of rules, ink drawings. (SSE)

JIM DAVIES, 78 Warren Pl., Ridgewood, N.J. 07450, sells railroadiana of short lines, trolley; NYC, PRR, Erie tts.; rr. books. (Large SSE)

L.L. DAVIS, Box 367, La Fontaine, Ind. 46940, buys negs. CGW diesels, CSS&SB 602-606.

VINCENT DESANTIS, 196 Carbon St., Paterson, N.J. 07522, buys EL station pix, negs., slides on Marion, Mahoning, Scranton, Allegany, Meadville Div.

RAY DESCHENES, 903 Mohawk Rd. E., Hamilton, Ont., Canada, sells 3½x5 to 11x14 steam pix CN, CP; List 20¢. Buys, sells CN, CP, TH&P steam negs.

FRANK DIFALCO, Box 595, Salem, N.H. 03079, sells tts., emp. tts., tr. orders, railroadiana. (SSE)

R.J. DUNNIGAN, 1141 Huffman Ave., Dayton, Ohio 45403, sells steam negs., switch keys, old issues *Railroad Magazine*, *Trains*, *Ry. Age*, emp. mags., tts. (SSE)

HOWARD DURFY, 3055 N.W. 61, Seattle, Wash. 98107, will sell *Trains Album of Photos*, books 1-17, mint cond.

LARRY EASTON, 568 Oak St., Neenah, Wis. 54956, sells postcard size pix Wis. rrs; buys Soo caboose negs. sizes 122, 116 or 620. (SSE)

Mrs. JOHN EDWARDS, 122 Ingleside Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21207, sells back issues *Railroad Magazine*.

B.B. EVANS, 1507 N. Pine St., Meridian, Miss 39301, will trade NO&NE switch key for one of RUT or T&NO.

BILL FAIRCHILD, 4726½ 163 St., Lawndale, Calif. 90260, trades rr. postcards for other transportation postcards.

JACK FESCO, 4309 Edenhurst Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90039, sells ICS bks. on steam locos, air brakes; SP pix. (SSE)

ARTHUR FRAKES, 3921 4th St., Port Arthur, Texas 77640, sells rr. menus, buttons, tts.

RANDY GARNHART, 2722 Broadway, Rockford, Ill. 61108, sells CB&Q, B&O, IC rulebks. and Safety rulebks.

JIM GIDLEY, Crooked Creek Lake, Atlanta, Mich. 49709, buys certain *Off. Guides* of '30's and '40's.

C.B. GOODMAN, 5826 S. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60636, buys rr. dining-car china, silverware, etc.

BOB GREENAWALT, 3643 N. Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif. 91770, needs brass "year" wheel of pre-1925 era to fit Centennial ticket dater.

AL GUNDERSON, 427 Chicago Ave., Savanna, Ill. 61074, trades color postcards of exhibited locos.

JEFF HAERTLEIN, 3215 S. Illinois Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53207, buys CMSP&P Dressel markers.

W.F. HALDERMAN, Rte. 29, Titusville, N.J. 08560, buys tts., pix, emp. tts., etc. of L&NE, L&HR, NYS&W.

DAVE HALLER, 80 Sunrise Dr., Hawthorne, N.J. 07506, buys pix, railroadiana L&NE, L&HR, W&N.

ROY HARGROVE, Box 60, Lakewood, Wash. 98259, sells color pix Northwest U.S., Wstn. Canada rr. diesels. (SSE)

G.C. HENDRICKS, 345 Lincoln Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11208, sells, trades Pullman-Standard brass bldrs. plates.

ALBERT HERSKOVITS, 40 East 66 St., New York, N.Y. 10021, sells back issues *Railroad Magazine*, 1966 to date, 60¢ each; trades O&W for BAR pix. (SSE)

PHIL HOM, 75 Montgomery St., New York, N.Y. 10002, buys slides of silver GG-1, Chicago Union Terminal electrics.

MARK HORNE, 2150 W. 20 Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada, trades tts., emp. tts., tr. orders.

AL HUDSON, 617 Sundale Dr., Birmingham, Ala. 35235, buys pix, info., material on Ala. trolleys, esp. Birmingham.

CLIF HULL, 203 E. 16, North Little Rock, Ark. 72114, buys human interest stories, wreck descriptions of Ark. rrs; sells autographed copies *Shortline RRs in Ark.*

C.W. JERNSTROM, 822 Pelham Dr., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46825, will sell R&LHS *Bulls.* 58, 79, 81, excellent cond.

ARNOLD JOSEPH, 2512 Tratman Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10461, sells back issues *Railroad*, *Trains*, rr. hobby mags; also rr. books, playing cards; buys mag. collections. (SSE)

WAYNE KERSLAKE, 1615 Cedar La., Sioux Falls, S.D. 57103, sells railroadiana; state wants.

GLEN KIDDER, RD 1, Acton, Mass. 01720, sells NYC, PRR calendar prints, B&P, RUT lanterns, Forney's *Catechism of Steam Loco*, Mt. Wash. Cog Ry. stereo view cards. (SSE)

WENDELL KOONTZ, Wellington, Kan. 67152, trades tie and pole date nails. (SSE)

PAUL KRANOWSKI, 121 Burnside Ave., Cranford, N.J. 07016, buys 35mm slides CNJ esp. RDC 554, LV, EL.

MARC LAMOREAUX, Box 137, Waterville, Kan. 66548, will buy Lathrop's *Little Engines-Big Men.*

A.M. LANGLEY, Jr., Rte. 1 Box 64A, North Augusta, S.C. 29841, sells brass Ga. RR, A&WP switch locks, keys.

JIM LANIGAN, 4820 8 Ave., Regina, Sask., Canada, buys pix CP cars River Clyde, Cape Churchill, Business Car 36.

BOB LAWRENCE, 100 Stuyvesant Pl., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301, wants info., pix of Steelton, Summit & Worthington n.g. trolley rte. in Columbus, Ohio.

DAVE LAWSON, 1945 Thornwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091, buys steam loco bells with yokes.

SCOTT LOMAZZI, 3144 Gary Ave., Merced, Calif. 95340, sells, trades WU, Pullman, SP forms, tts., railroadiana. (SSE)

GEO LYTTON, 411 Nichols Rd., Kansas City, Mo. 64112, trades rr. pencils. (SSE)

CHAS. MARSH Jr., 1537 Belmeade Dr., Kingsport, Tenn. 37664, sells size 620, 616 steam, diesel negs. southern rrs. (SSE)

DICK MIDDLETON, 500 Logan Pl., Newport News, Va. 23601, buys books on LV, RDG, CNJ, L&NE.

R.A. MILLER, 742 W. St. Paul, Waukesha, Wis. 53186, sells rr., depot postcards; no list.

EARL MORGAN, Rte. 3 Box 564, Loveland, Colo. 80537, will buy Poor's *DSS&P* plus supplement, *Colo. Midland.*

DICK MORHARD, 14 Rogers Lane, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787, sells 35mm slides, negs., b&w, color pix; other railroadiana. (SSE)

HOMER MOSS, Box 1065, Borger, Texas 79007, buys tts. of T&NO Dallas-Beaumont Branch 1917-'31.

Mirrored by Hudson River, a Boston & Maine GP-9 leads two other B&M diesels and three Penn Central units with coal train out of Mechanicville, New York.
Edward E. Blackman, P.O. Box 89, Georgetown, Conn. 06829

Canadian National carferry *Huron* leaves Detroit for Windsor, Ontario, in 1956.
Photo by Elmer Treloar

AL MUTHARD, Rte. 1, Macungie, Pa. 18062, buys pix, maps, passes, etc. of trolleys and steam of his area.

JEFF NEAL, 2423 Park Ave., North Riversade, Ill. 60546, sells color pix, slides of steam excursions, museums. (SSE)

JON NELSON, 9911 W. Broadview Dr., Miami Beach, Fla. 33154, buys, trades for anything FEC; buys RPO cancellations.

BRUCE NOTMAN, 700-C S. Jefferson, Green Bay, Wis. 54301, buys BN loco and caboose slides.

DEAN OGLE, 1320 5 Ave., New Westminster, B.C., Canada, trades GN, NP, SP&S emp. tts.; GN tts.; emp. tts.; tts.

ART PETERSON, 5524 Radcliff Ct., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46806, sells emp. tts., rulebks., NRHS *Bulletins*, Railroadiana of America bks., *Short Line Railroaders.* (SSE)

KEITH PRATT, 9 Gilman St., Somerville, Mass. 02145, buys pix of locos, cars, mixed trains, depots of S&L, R&S, A&J, CN Murray Bay Br.; Levis PQ trolleys.

JIM PROKES, 7850 S. Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 60652, buys rr., trolley tts., cap badges; CNS&M lantern.

JOE QUINN, Box 1044, Tillson, N.Y. 12486, buys negs, of steam, diesel, elec., trolleys.

BILL RAIA, 4828 W. Hutchinson, Chicago, Ill. 60641, sells diesel negs. (SSE)

BOB REID, Box 179, E. McKeesport, Pa. 15035, buys PRR, PC pix, 35mm slides of diesels, yards, facilities.

TONY REZNAK Jr., Box 755, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18703, sells Q&E postcards, ashtrays, mugs, pens, engineers' caps, etc; list, samples 40¢.

WAYNE RHEINFELD, 1011 Neilson St., Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691, buys switch, marker, classification, hand lanterns; globes; bells; hdlts.; whistles; locks; keys.

BILL ROBBINS, 164 Randolph Dr., Bangor, Maine 04401, buys anything on Maine n.g. rrs. or pre-1900 Maine std.-gage rrs.

JERRY ROSENFELD, 133 Dulles Dr., Dumont, N.J. 07628, buys pix Unadilla Valley RR, pre-'60 NYC West Shore line, NYO&W, L&NE diesels.

Dick SACHS, 330 Taft Rd., River Edge, N.J. 07661, sells color pix, slides, railroadiana, of EL, CP, D&H, PC. (SSE)

FRANK SCHEER, 18 E. Rosemont Ave., Alexandria, Va. 22301, buys pix WS, A&F, RF&P, VAL; RPO postmarks, supplies.

STEWART SCHEETZ, 35 E. 4 St., Lansdale, Pa. 19446, buys, trades for 35mm slides RDG MU's 305, 836, 879, 884.

WAYNE SCHENK, Box 195, W. Seneca, N.Y. 14224, sells slides of diesels, stations; lists, sample 25¢.

DENNIS SCHMIDT, 907 N. Court, Alma, Mich. 48801, sells back issues *Railroad Magazine*, *Mdl. RRer.* (SSE)

JIM SEACREST, 2101 Birchwood, North Platte, Neb. 69101, buys tts., info., negs., pix of DW&P; CN, CV, GTW power used on DW&P.

JIM SEITER, 6814 Hearne Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio 45211, buys pix, slides C&O steam esp. at Cheviot, Ohio.

AL SHARP, 100 Shennecossett Pkwy., Groton, Conn. 06340, sells rr. bks.; *Off. Guides;* CV, NYC, NH, B&M tts., emp. tts., maps, passes; lists 50¢ ea.

TOM SIEMBIEDA, 10501 Yolanda, Northridge, Calif. 91324, buys trian crew hats, marked buttons.

GEO. SKELLY, 52 Winding Lane, Basking Ridge, N.J. 07920, buys info., negs. of Tuckerton RR.

HARTLAND SMITH, Box 452, Birmingham, Mich. 48012, buys used Blackhawk, amateur rr. movies; trades steam tapes.

TOM STEPHENS, 18 Union St., Randolph, Mass. 02368, trades *American RR. Journal*, advocate of internal improvements dated 7/18/1835.

JOHN STONE, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105, sells menus from L&N, CMSP&P, Golden State; SP playing cards.

STAN STYLES, 19 W. 18 Ave., Vancouver 10 B.C., Canada, sells 35mm b&w slides; lists, 25¢.

TOM TANCULA, 7749 W. Windsor Ave., Norridge, Ill. 60656, sells CMSP&P Chi. Term. emp. tts. or trades for other emp. tts.

T. TRENCANSKY, 116 N. Baldwin St., Johnson City, N.Y. 13790, buys negs. FM's, BLW cabs, road-switchers.

WALT UNRUH, Box 533, Hopedale, Mass. 01747, buys color postcards of CMSP&P, CRI&P; trades 35mm slides, postcards other rrs.

MIKE VAIUSO, Box 619, Schenectady, N.Y. 12301, trades size 616 negs; sells pix. No list; samples 25¢.

A. VON BLON, 1208 Locust, Muskogee, Okla. 74401, buys switch keys.

AVERY VON BLON, Box 6422, Waco, Texas 76706, will sell large enameled sign reading "Iron Mountain Route to Little Rock, Memphis, Hot Springs, etc."

Mrs. L. VON BLON, 1619 West Ave., Waco, Texas 76707, sells books, other railroadiana; no list.

JOHN WALKER, 43 Camrose Bay, Winnipeg 25, Man., Canada, sells CP tts., emp. tts., pix; list 10¢.

WALT WELP, 920 Chambers Rd., St. Louis, Mo. 63137, sells rr., loco postcards.

BILL WILKES, Box 495, Sunnymead, Calif. 92338, will sell '16, '25, '30, '38, '41, '47 *Loco Cyclopedias*, '25, '46, '53, '61 *Car Bldr. Cyclopedias.*

ED WILLIAMS, 822 Ridge Rd. W., Ontario, N.Y. 14519, sells RFD type RPO mail box.

A.L. WILLIS, 616 5 St. N., Stamples, Minn. 56479, sells steam pix, ICS, etc. technical bks., PRR calendars, *Trains* mag. '45-'65. (SSE)

BOB YANOSEY, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, S.J. 07032, sells eastern rr. diesel neg. of approval; no list.

FREEMAN HUBBARD, c/o *Railroad Magazine*, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017, will sell 1 copy ea. of these hard-cover books: *Santa Fe*, by Marshall, 405 pages, 5¼"x8¼", ill., indexed (1945), $10; *Santa Fe Trail*, by *Look* mag. editors, 271 pages 6¼x9½", ill. (1946), $5; *History and Romance of Danville Jct.* (Illinois), 304 pages, ill., indexed (1942), $5; *Casey Jones*, by Lee, 348 pages, 5½x8, ill. (1939), personally autographed by Mrs. Casey Jones, $12; *Road of the Century* (NYC), by Harlow, 474 pages, 6½x8, ill., indexed, $12; 1966-'67 *Directory of Ry. Officials Yearbook* (world-wide), 842 pages, 6½x8¼, $7; all good cond., postpaid.

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Model Trading Post

JOHN ANDERSON, 6731 N. Octavia Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60631, sells emp. type tt. of Smokey Mt. Mdl. RR Club (O gage).

BRUCE BEARDSLEY, Wegmans, 1500 Brooks Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14603, sells AF S gage equip. (SSE)

W.F. FISHER, 128 Rogers Pl., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32019, sells custom-blt. O gage frt. cars. (SSE)

JIM GRAVES, 14481 57 Ave. S., Tukwila, Wash. 98067, trades Lionel psgr. car, catalogs, railroadiana for pre- '50 tts., emp. tts.

TOM HYCHALK, 3 McCarthy Pl., Hulmeville, Pa. 19047, will buy Lionel 2-8-4 726, 0-4-0, 0-6-0, 2623 series coaches, SAL switcher.

R.T. MASON, 200 Thomas Rd., Lisbon, Ohio 44432, will buy two 14" straight track sections Lionel 2⅞" gage 3 rail; Ives O gage tender.

AL MILLER, 3212 34 Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 55406, buys AF wide-gage trains, catalogs, Hertz bks., Meccano sets.

F.R. SCOTT, 386 LaCanada Way, Costa Mesa, Calif. 92627, sells *Mdl. RRer, RMC, HO Monthly, Elec. Trs., Mdl. Bldr.* (SSE)

WALLY SWANSON, 5729 27 Ave. NE, Seattle, Wash. 98105, sells HO gage dry transfer lettering for AT&SF, GN, UP, Rayonier; buys HO gage brass locos. ●

Pen Pals Wanted

David Cohen (26), 35 E. 40th Avenue, Vancouver 15, B.C., Canada, wants pen pals in Colorado and Nebraska.

Melanie Smith (15), 908 Greenwood Street, Jackson, Michigan.

Mr. Anselmus Mwang'amba (26), P.O. Box 325, Tabora, Tanzania, East Africa, will correspond in English language with railfans anywhere.

Angela Fratzola (24), 844 Brook Street, Scranton, Pa. 18505.

Sailor W. Harlow, 7710 Lisle Ave., Falls Church, Va. 22043, answers all mail.

Dorette Bench (17), 62 West Broadway, Jim Thorpe, Pa. 18229.

Jack Spur, 3447 W. Gill Pl., Denver, Colo. 80219, in ill health, lonely, can't work because of poor eyesight, needs cheer-up mail.

Arsenia Canete, Rosie Quimbo, Luz Carin, Linda Palmito, Ernesto Jadraque, Annie Rodriquez and Marte Recorte, all c/o Lapulapu Bakery, Colon St., Cebu City, Phillippines.

Mrs. Robert A. Hopkins, P.O. Box 662, Williamson, W. Va. 25661, long spell of illness; would appreciate cheerful letters and cards.

Sylvia Small (17), Rte. 1, Box 329, Nostasulga, Alabama 36866.

Carlos L. Uazquez H., Ramon Alcazar F. Dept. 3, Mexico 1, D.F., wants letters written in Spanish telling about Mexico's first railroad and its motive power.

Helen June West (19), P.O. Box 114, Morgantown, Indiana 56160.

Bert Lanning (63), 717 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B.C., Canada, seeks New Zealand pen pals.

Ed Von Nordeck, resident mgr., Orange Empire Trolley Museum, P.O. Box 548, Perris, Calif. 92370, will correspond with Portuguese fan regarding rrs. and traction in Lisbon area.

Judy Bibeau (21), 1315 Third St., White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110.

Mrs. Stevie Gilbert, 301 Willow Brook Rd., Middletown, Ky. 40243, shut-in and ailing, needs cheer-up mail.

Mary Stumbo (16), Ulen, Minnesota 56585.

Michael Chevian (19), 87 Grand Avenue, Cranston, Rhode Island.

Dennis Dean Scheel, Box 242, De Soto, Kansas, trades picture postcards.

Linda Hensey (17), RR 1, Hinsdale, Ill. 60521.

Mrs. Ratliff, 3446 W. Gill Pl., Denver, Colo. 80219, has heart condition; needs encouraging letters and cards. ●

Additional Roster Data

New data for our Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe roster comes from Proler Steel. Note 44 should read: 2300 was sold to Sinclair Refining Co., renumbered 3 (8/25/59); then to Proler Steel, then to Buffalo Steel, which scrapped it.

Corrections to our Union Pacific roster (Jan. '71) come from Bob Harmen, Rick Schmeling, and Z. Hansen. Missing from our roster were Nos. 1 and 2, GE-built "Steammotive" units, which weighed 548,000 lbs., built in 1939. They were scrapped. Also missing was the UP's first gas turbine, No. 50 (1st), a 4500-hp GE unit with a B-B-B-B wheel arrangement, 125,000 lbs. of tractive effort, weighing 534,000 lbs. Built in 1948, this unit was returned to GE in 1951.

The roster also incorrectly listed the GE experimental units as Nos. 602B-621B instead of 620B-621B. The notes on these units are right, though. M10003A-M10007A, M10003B-M1007B were renumbered CD-07-A, CD-06C, CD-05-A, CD-06-C, CD-07B, CD-05-C, CD-05-B, and CD-06B, not as listed in the roster. Units 5-M-1A and 5-M-1B were originally LA-5 (1st) and LA-6 (1st), not as listed in the roster. Note 77 should read: 988B, 990B, 988-990 were rebuilt to 912B, 913B, 912-914.—Sy Reich. ●

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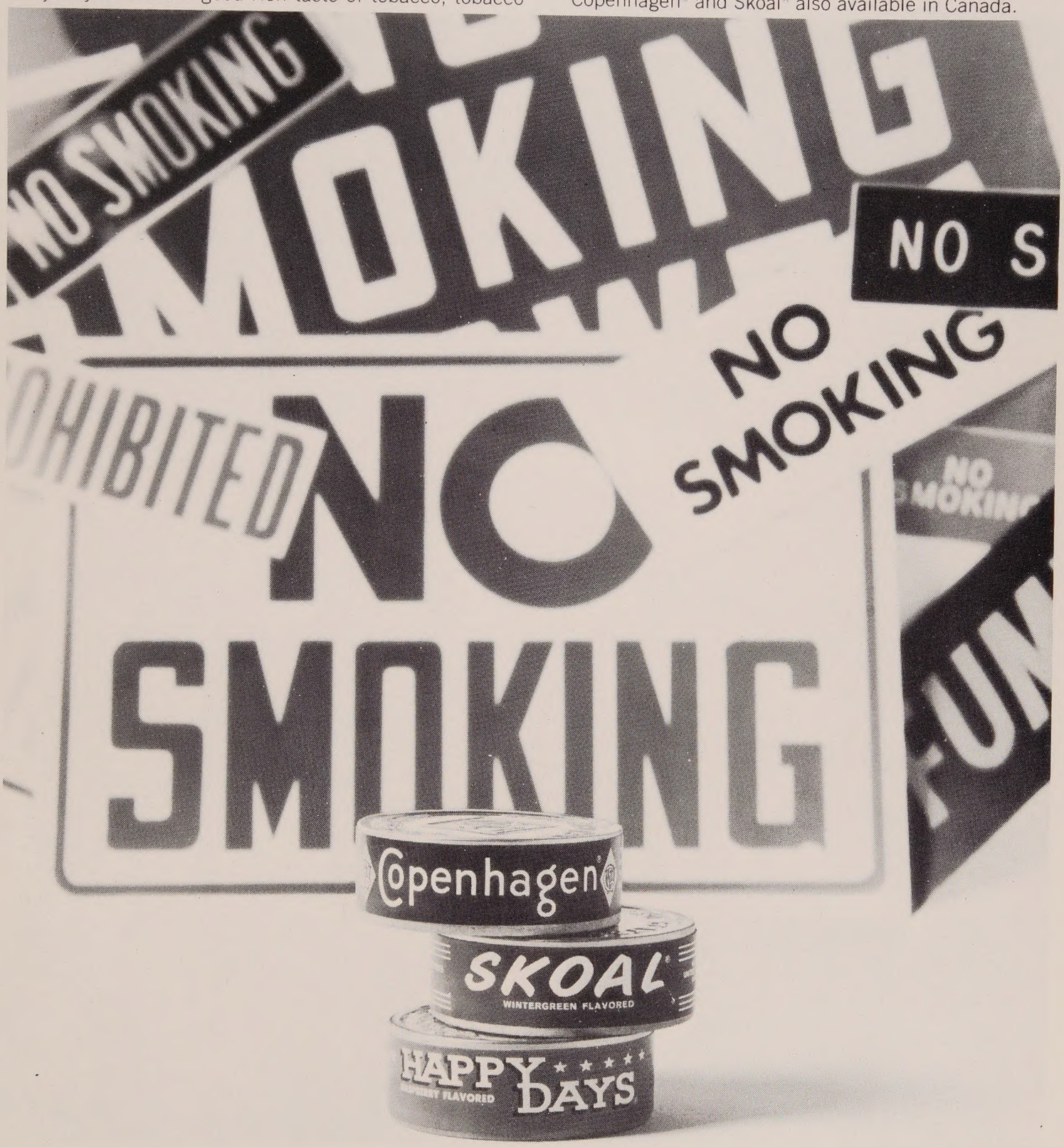

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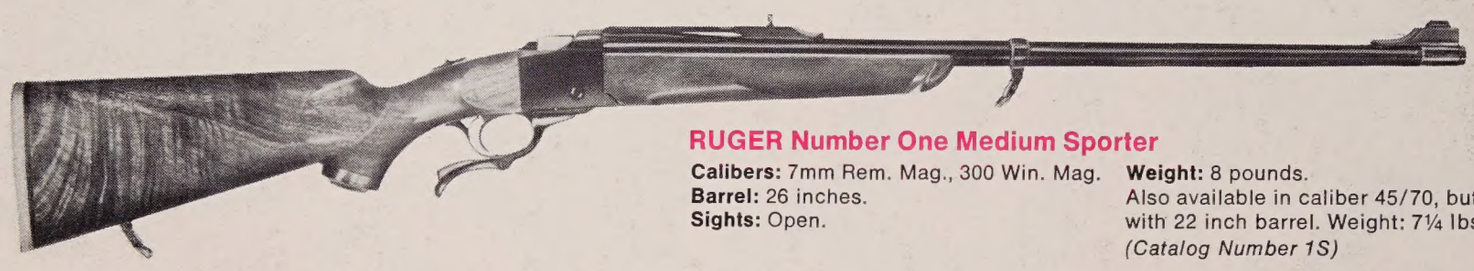
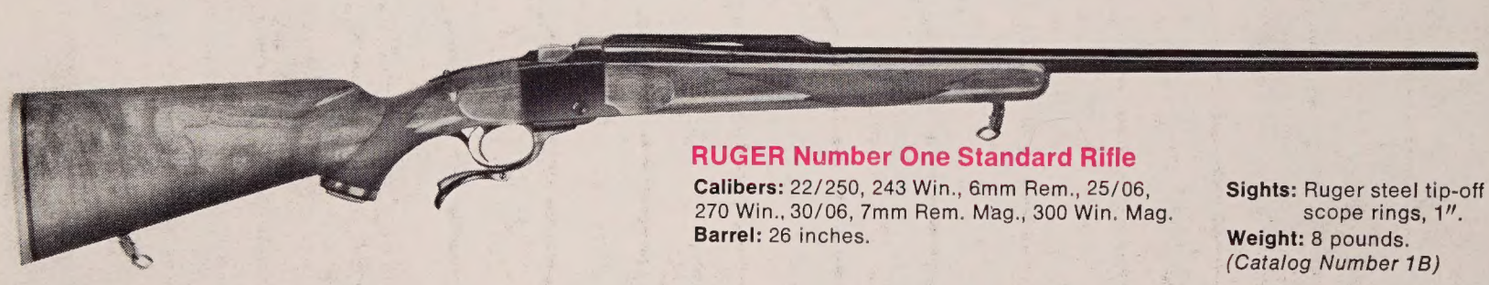
RUGER Number One Light Sporter

Calibers: 243 Win., 30/06, 270 Win.
Barrel: 22 inches.
Sights: Open.
Weight: 7¼ pounds.
(Catalog Number 1A)



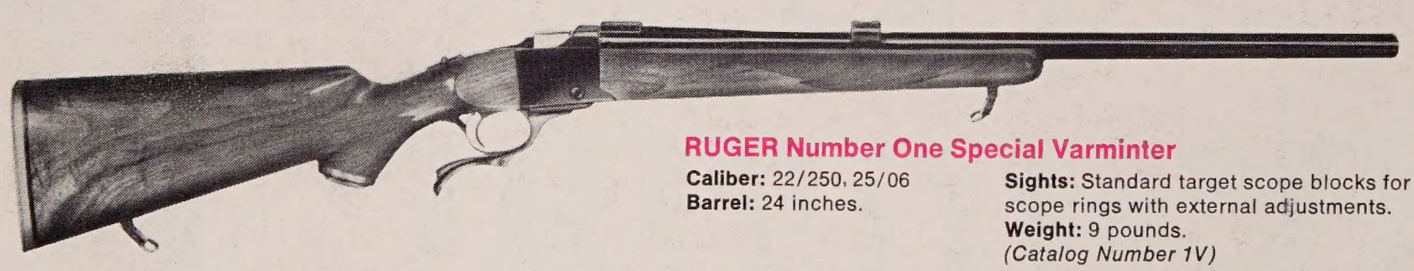
RUGER Number One Medium Sporter

Calibers: 7mm Rem. Mag., 300 Win. Mag.
Barrel: 26 inches.
Sights: Open.
Weight: 8 pounds.
Also available in caliber 45/70, but with 22 inch barrel. Weight: 7¼ lbs.
(Catalog Number 1S)



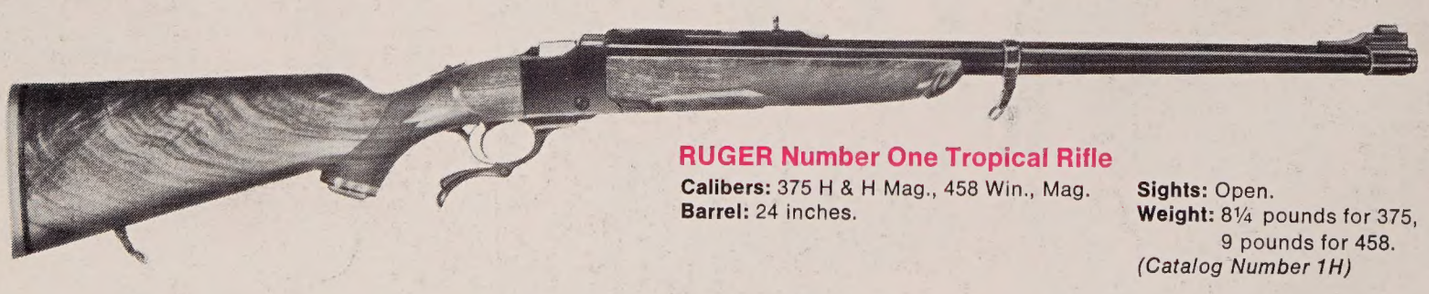
RUGER Number One Standard Rifle

Calibers: 22/250, 243 Win., 6mm Rem., 25/06, 270 Win., 30/06, 7mm Rem. Mag., 300 Win. Mag.
Barrel: 26 inches.
Sights: Ruger steel tip-off scope rings, 1″.
Weight: 8 pounds.
(Catalog Number 1B)



RUGER Number One Special Varminter

Caliber: 22/250, 25/06
Barrel: 24 inches.
Sights: Standard target scope blocks for target scope rings with external adjustments.
Weight: 9 pounds.
(Catalog Number 1V)



RUGER Number One Tropical Rifle

Calibers: 375 H & H Mag., 458 Win., Mag.
Barrel: 24 inches.
Sights: Open.
Weight: 8¼ pounds for 375, 9 pounds for 458.
(Catalog Number 1H)

General information on specifications:
Sights: Catalog Numbers 1A, 1S, and 1H have adjustable folding leaf rear sight mounted on quarter rib and ramp front sight base with caterpillar type gold bead sight. All quarter ribs are machined to accommodate Ruger steel tip-off rings. Scope rings are $15. additional for all models except 1B.

Woodwork: Carefully selected American Walnut. Pistol grip and forearm hand-checkered to a borderless design.
Price: Suggested retail price is $265 for any of the models listed above.
How to order: Place an order with your Ruger dealer by Catalog Number and caliber. (No variations from the above specifications are possible).

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